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The Humorists,

A

COMEDY.

ACTED

By his ROYAL HIGHNESSES

SERVANTS.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL

Of the *Middle Temple.*

——— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis tam ferrens ut teneat se.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New Exchange.* 1671.

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To the most Illustrious Princess

MARGARET

DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

May it please your Grace,

THE favourable Reception my Impertinents found from your Excellent Lord, and my Noble Patron, and the great mercy your Grace has for all offenders of this kind, have made me presume humbly to lay this Comedy at your feet: for none can better than your Grace, protect this mangled, persecuted Play from the fury of its Enemies and Detractors, who by your admirable Endowments of Nature and Art, have made all Mankind your Friends and Admirers. You have not been content onely to surmount all your own Sex in the excellent Qualities of a Lady and a Wife, but you must overcome all ours in wit and understanding. All our Sex have reason to envy you, and your own to be proud of you, which by you have obtained an absolute Victory over us. It were a vain thing in me to endeavour to commend those excellent Pieces that have fallen from your Graces Pen, since all the World does.

And

And this is not intended for a Panegyrick, but a Dedication, which I humbly desire your Grace *to pardon.*

The Play was intended a Satyr against Vice and Folly, and to whom is it more properly to be presented than to your Grace? *who are, above all your Sex, so eminent in Wit and Vertue. I have been more obliged by my Lord* Duke *than by any man, and to whom can I shew my gratitude better than to your* Grace, *that are so excellent a part of him? But Madam, this trifle of mine is a very unsuitable return to be made for his favours and the Noble Present of all your excellent Books. But I hope your* Grace *will forgive me, when you consider, that the Interest of all Poets is to fly for protection to* Welbecke; *which will never fail to be their Sanctuary, so long as there you are pleased so nobly to patronize Poesie, and so happily practise it. That will still be the onely place where they will find encouragement that do well, and pardon that do ill; and of the latter of these no man has more need than*

Madam,

Your Graces

Most humble and obedient

Servant

THO. SHADWELL.

Preface.

THis Play (beſides the Errors in the writing of it) came upon the Stage with all the diſadvantages imaginable: Firſt, I was forced, after I had finiſh'd it, to blot out the main deſign of it; finding, that, contrary to my intention, it had given offence. The ſecond diſadvantage was, that notwithſtanding I had (to the great prejudice of the Play) given ſatisfaction to all the exceptions made againſt it, it met with the clamorous oppoſition of a numerous party, bandied againſt it, and reſolved, as much as they could to damn it right or wrong, before they had heard or ſeen a word on't. The laſt, and not the leaſt, was, that the *Actors* (though ſince they have done me ſome right) at firſt were extreamly imperfect in the Action of it. The leaſt of theſe had been enough to have ſpoil'd a very good Comedy, much more ſuch a one as mine. The laſt *(viz.)* imperfect Action, had like to have deſtroy'd *She would if ſhe could*, which I think (and I have the Authority of ſome of the beſt Judges in *England* for't) is the beſt Comedy that has been written ſince the Reſtauration of the Stage: And even that, for the imperfect repreſentation of it at firſt, received ſuch prejudice, that, had it not been for the favour of the *Court*, in all probability it had never got up again; and it ſuffers for it, in a great meaſure, to this very day. This of mine, after all theſe blows, had fallen beyond redemption, had it not been revived, after the ſecond day, by her kindneſs (which I can never enough acknowledge) who, for four days together, beautified it with the moſt excellent *Dancings* that ever has been ſeen upon the Stage. This drew my enemies, as well as friends, till it was ſomething better acted, underſtood, and liked, than at firſt: By this means the poor Play's life was prolonged, and, I hope, will live in ſpight of Malice, if not upon the Stage, at leaſt in Print.

Yet

Yet do not think I will defend all the faults of it: Before it was alter'd, I could better have answer'd for it: yet, as it is, I hope it will not wholly displease you in the reading. I should not say so much for it, if I did not find so much undeserved malice against it.

My design was in it, to reprehend some of the Vices and Follies of the Age, which I take to be the most proper, and most useful way of writing Comedy. If I do not perform this well enough, let not my endeavors be blam'd.

Here I must take leave to dissent from those, who seem to insinuate that the ultimate end of a Poet is to delight, without correction or instruction: Methinks a Poet should never acknowledge this, for it makes him of as little use to Mankind as a Fidler, or Dancing Master, who delights the fancy onely, without improving the Judgement.

Horace, the best Judge of Poetry, found other business for a Poet.

Pectus præceptis formet amicis;
Asperitatis & Invidiæ, corrector, & Iræ,
Recte facta refert, orientia tempora notis
Instruit Exemplis;

I confess a Poet ought to do all that he can, decently to please, that so he may instruct. To adorn his Images of *Vertue* so delightfully to affect people with a secret veneration of it in others, and an emulation to practice it in themselves: And to render their Figures of *Vice* and *Folly* so ugly and detestable, to make people hate and despise them, not onely in others, but (if it be possible) in their dear selves. And in this latter I think Comedy more useful than Tragedy; because the Vices and Follies in *Courts* (as they are too tender to be touch'd) so they concern but a few; whereas the Cheats, Villanies, and troublesome Follies, in the common conversation of the World, are of concernment to all the Body of Mankind.

And a Poet can no more justly be censured for ill nature, in detesting such *Knaveries*, and troublesome impertinencies, as are an imposition on all good men, and a disturbance of Societies in general,

neral, than the most vigilant of our Judges can be thought so, for detesting Robbers and High-way-men; who are hanged, not for the sake of the money they take (for of what value can that be to the life of a man) but for interrupting common communication, and disturbing Society in general. For the sake of good men ill should be punished; and 'tis ill nature to the first, not to punish the last. A man cannot truly love a good man, that does not hate a bad one; nor a Wiseman, that does not hate a Fool; this love and hatred are correlatives, and the one necessarily implies the other. I must confess it were ill nature, and below a man, to fall upon the natural imperfections of men, as of Lunaticks, Ideots, or men born monstrous. But these can never be made the proper subject of a Satyr, but the affected vanities, and artificial fopperies of men, which (sometimes even contrary to their natures) they take pains to acquire, are the proper subject of a Satyr.

And for the reformation of Fopps and Knaves, I think Comedy most useful, because to render Vices and Fopperies very ridiculous, is much a greater punishment than Tragedy can inflict upon 'em. There we do but subject 'em to hatred, or at worst to death; here we make them live to be despised and laugh'd at, which certainly makes more impression upon men, than even death can do.

Again, I confess a Poet ought to endeavour to please, and by this way of writing may please, as well as by any way whatsoever, (if he writes it well) when he does

Simul & Jucunda & Idonea dicere vitæ.

Men of Wit and Honour, and the best Judges (and such as cannot be touch'd by Satyr) are extreamly delighted with it; and for the rest

Odi profanum Vulgus & Arceo.

The rabble of little people, are more pleas'd with *Fack Pudding* being soundly kick'd, or having a Custard handsomely thrown in his face, than with all the wit in Plays: and the higher

ſort of Rabble (as there may be a rabble of very fine people in this illiterate age) are more pleaſed with the extravagant and unnatural actions, the trifles, and fripperies of a Play, or the trappings and ornaments of Nonſenſe, than with all the wit in the world.

This is one reaſon why we put our Fopps into extravagant, and unnatural habits; it being a cheap way of conforming to the underſtanding of thoſe brisk, gay Sparks, that judge of Wit or Folly by the Habit; that being indeed the onely meaſure they can take in judging of Mankind, who are Criticks in nothing but a Dreſs.

Extraordinary pleaſure was taken of old, in the Habits of the Actors, without reference to ſenſe, which *Horace* obſerves, and reprehends in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut Mare Tuſcum,
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & Artes,
Divitiaque peregrina, quibus oblitus actor,
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera Lævæ,
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane, quid placet ergo?

But for a Poet to think (without wit or good humor, under ſuch a Habit) to pleaſe men of ſenſe, is a preſumption inexcuſable. If I be guilty of this, it is an error of my underſtanding, not of my will. But I challenge the moſt clamorous and violent of my Enemies (who would have the Town believe that every thing I write, is too nearly reflecting upon perſons) to accuſe me, with truth, of repreſenting the real actions, or uſing the peculiar, affected phraſes, or manner of ſpeech of any one particular Man, or Woman living.

I cannot indeed create a new Language, but the Phantaſtick Phraſes, uſed in any Play of mine, are not appropriate to any one *Fop*, but applicable to many.

Good men, and men of ſence, can never be repreſented but to their advantage, nor can the Characters of Fools, Knaves, Whores, or Cowards (who are the people I deal moſt with in Comedies) concern any that are not eminently ſo: Nor will any apply to themſelves what I write in this kind, that have but the wit, or honeſty, to think tolerably well of themſelves.

But

But it has been objected, that good men, and men of sence enough, may have blind-sides, that are liable to reprehension, and that such men should be represented upon a Stage, is intollerable.

'Tis true, excellent men may have errors, but they are not known by them, but by their excellencies: their prudence overcomes all gross follies, or conceals the less vanities, that are unavoidable Concomitants of humane nature; or if some little errors do escape 'em, and are known, they are the least part of those men, and they are not distinguished in the world by them, but by their perfections; so that (if such blind-sides, or errors be represented) they do not reflect upon them, but upon such on whom these are predominant; and that receive such a Bias from 'em, that it turns 'em wholly from the wayes of Wisdom or Morality.

And, even this representation, does not reflect upon any particular man, but upon very many of the same kind: For if a man should bring such a humor upon the Stage (if there be such a humor in the world) as onely belongs to one, or two persons, it would not be understood by the Audience, but would be thought (for the singularity of it) wholly unnatural, and would be no jest to them neither.

But I have had the fortune to have had a general humor (in a Play of mine) applied to three, or four men (whose persons I never saw, or humors ever heard of) till the Play was acted.

As long as men wrest the Writings of Poets to their own corrupted sense, and with their Clamors prevail too, you must never look for a good Comedy of Humor, for a humor (being the representation of some extravagance of Mankind) cannot but in some thing resemble some man, or other, or it is monstrous, and unnatural.

After this restraint upon Poets, there is little scope left, unless we retrieve the exploded Barbarismes of Fool, Devil, Giant, or Monster, or translate French Farces, which, with all the wit of the English, added to them, can scarce be made tollerable.

Mr. *Johnson*, I believe, was very unjustly taxed for personating particular men, but it will ever be the fate of them, that write

the humors of the *Town*; especially in a fooliſh, and vicious Age. Pardon me (*Reader*) that I name him in the ſame page with my ſelf; who pretend to nothing more, than to joyn with all men of ſenſe and learning in admiration of him; which, I think, I do not out of a true underſtanding of him; and for this I cannot but value my ſelf. Yet, by extolling his way of writing, I would not inſinuate to you that I can practiſe it; though I would if I could, a thouſand times ſooner than any mans.

And here I muſt make a little digreſsion, and take liberty to diſſent from my particular friend, for whom I have a very great reſpect, and whoſe Writings I extreamly admire; and though I will not ſay his is the beſt way of writing, yet, I am ſure, his manner of writing it is much the beſt that ever was. And I may ſay of him, as was ſaid of a Celebrated Poet, *Cui unquam Poetarum magis proprium fuit ſubito æſtro incaleſcere? Quis, ubi incaluit, fortius, & falicius debacchatur.* His Verſe is ſmoother and deeper, his thoughts more quick and ſurpriſing, his raptures more mettled and higher; and he has more of that in his writing, which *Plato* calls σώφρονα μανίαν, than any other Heroick Poet. And thoſe who ſhall go about to imitate him, will be found to flutter, and make a noiſe, but never riſe. Yet (after all this) I cannot think it impudence in him, or any man to endeavour to imitate Mr. *Johnſon*, whom he confeſſes to have fewer failings than all the Engliſh Poets, which implies he was the moſt perfect, and beſt Poet; and why ſhould not we endeavour to imitate him? becauſe we cannot arrive to his excellence? 'Tis true we cannot, but this is no more an argument, than for a Soldier (who conſiders with himſelf he cannot be ſo great a one as *Julius Cæſar*) to run from his Colours, and be none; or to ſpeak of a leſs thing, why ſhould any man ſtudy *Mathematicks* after *Archimedes*, &c. This Principle would be an obſtruction to the progreſs of all learning and knowledge in the world. Men of all Profeſsions ought certainly to follow the beſt in theirs, and let not their endeavours be blamed, if they go as far as they can in the right way, though they be unſucceſsful, and attain not their ends. If Mr. *Johnſon* be the moſt faultleſs Poet, I am ſo far from thinking it impudence to endeavour to imitate him, that it would

would rather (in my opinion) seem impudence in me not to do it.

I cannot be of their opinion who think he wanted wit, I am sure, if he did, he was so far from being the most faultless, that he was the most faulty Poet of his time, but, it may be answered, that his Writings were correct, though he wanted fire; but I think flat and dull things are as incorrect, and shew as little Judgment in the Author, nay less than sprightly and mettled Nonsense does. But I think he had more true wit than any of his Contemporaries; that other men had sometimes things that seemed more fiery than his, was because they were placed with so many sordid and mean things about them, that they made a greater show.

Inter quæ verbum emicuit, si fortè, decorum,
Si versus paulo concinnior, unus, & alter,
Injuste totum ducit, venditque Poema.

Nor can I think, to the writing of his humors (which were not onely the follies, but vices and subtleties of men) that wit was not required, but judgment; where, by the way, they speak as if judgment were a less thing than wit. But certainly it was meant otherwise by nature, who subjected wit to the government of judgment, which is the noblest faculty of the mind. Fancy rough-draws, but judgement smooths and finishes; nay judgment does in deed comprehend wit, for no man can have that who has not wit. In fancy mad men equal, if not excel all others, and one may as well say that one of those mad men is as good a man as a temperate wiseman, as that one of the very fanciful Plays (admired most by Women) can be so good a Play as one of *Johnson*'s correct, and well-govern'd Comedies.

The reason given by some, why *Johnson* needed not wit in writing humor, is, because humor is the effect of observation, and observation the effect of judgment; but observation is as much necessary in all other Plays, as in Comedies of humor: For first, even in the highest Tragedies, where the Scene lies in Courts, the Poet must have observed the Customs of Courts, and the manner

manner of converſing there, or he will commit many indecencies, and make his Perſons too rough and ill-bred for a Court.

Beſides Characters in Plays being repreſentations of the Vertues or Vices, Paſsions or Affections of Mankind, ſince there are no more new Vertues, or Vices; Paſſions, or Affections, the Idea's of theſe can no other way be received into the imagination of a Poet, but either from the Converſation or Writings of Men. After a Poet has formed a Character (as ſuppoſe of an Ambitious Man) his deſign is certainly to write it naturally, and he has no other rule to guid him in this, but to compare him with other men of that kind, that either he has heard of, or converſed with in the world, or read of in Books (and even this reading of Books is converſing with men) nay more; (beſides judging of his Character) the Poet can fancy nothing of it, but what muſt ſpring from the Obſervation he has made of Men, or Books.

If this argument (that the enemies of humor uſe) be meant in this ſenſe, that a Poet, in the writing of a Fools Character, needs but have a man fit to him, and have his words and actions taken; in this caſe there is no need of wit. But 'tis moſt certain, that if we ſhould do ſo, no one fool (though the beſt about the Town) could appear pleaſantly upon the Stage, he would be there too dull a Fool, and muſt be helped out with a great deal of wit in the Author. I ſcrup'e not to call it ſo, firſt, becauſe 'tis not your down-right Fool that is a fit Character for a Play, but like Sir *John Dawe* and Sir *Amorous la Foole*, your witty, brisk, aiery *Fopps*, that are *Entreprennants*. Beſides, wit in the Writer, (I think, without any Authority for it) may be ſaid to be the invention of remote and pleaſant thoughts of what kind ſoever; and there is as much occaſion for ſuch imaginations in the writing of a Curious Coxcomb's part, as in writing the greateſt Hero's; and that which may be folly in the Speaker, may be ſo remote and pleaſant, to require a great deal of wit in the Writer. The moſt Excellent *Johnſon* put wit into the mouths of the meaneſt of his people, and which, is infinitely difficult, made it proper for 'em.

And

And I once heard a Person, of the greatest Wit and Judgement of the Age, say, that *Bartholomew Fair* (which consists most of low persons) is one of the Wittiest Plays in the World. If there be no wit required in the rendering Folly ridiculous, or Vice odious, we must accuse *Juvenal* the best Satyrist, and wittiest Man of all the Latine Writers, for want of it.

I should not say so much of Mr. *Johnson* (whose Merit sufficiently justifies him to all Men of Sense) but that I think my self a little obliged to vindicate the Opinion I publickly declared, in my *Epilogue* to this *Play*; which I did upon mature consideration, and with a full satisfaction in my Judgement, and not out of a bare affected vanity of being thought his Admirer.

I have onely one word more, to trouble you with, concerning this Trifle of my own, which is, that, as it is at present, it is wholly my own, without borrowing a tittle from any man; which I confess is too bold an attempt for so young a Writer; for (let it seem what it will) a Comedy of humor (that is not borrowed) is the hardest thing to write well; and a way of writing, of which a man can never be certain.

Creditur, ex medio quia res accessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

That which (besides judging truly of Mankind) makes Comedy more difficult, is that the faults are naked and bare to most people, but the wit of it understood, or valued, but by few. Wonder not then if a man of ten times my parts, miscarries in the Attempt.

I shall say no more of this of mine, but that the Humors are new (how well chosen I leave to you to judge) and all the words and actions of the Persons in the Play, are alwayes sutable to the Characters I have given of them; and, in all the Play, I have gone

gone according to that definition of humor, which I have given you in my *Epilogue*, in these words:

A Humor is the Bias of the Mind,
By which, with violence, 'tis one way inclin'd.
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And, in all Changes, that way bends the Will.

Vale.

PRO-

Prologue

Written by a Gentleman of Quality.

SInce you are all resolv'd to be severe,
To laugh and rail at every thing you hear,
I know not why a Prologue *should forbear:*
First we declare against the wary Wit,
Who having had the luck of one good hit
Dares not appear again before the Pit.
Some have done well; yet to remove all doubt,
Men must fight more than once to be thought stout:
Others are too much in a scribling vein,
As if they had a loosness in the brain:
These catch at every little slight occasion,
As our Gay empty Sparks at each new Fashion:
Perpetually they fumble for the Bayes,
With Poems, Songs, Lampoons, and long dull Playes.
A man would wonder what the Devil they meant,
(Like ill-nos'd Currs that onely foil the scent)
To mangle Plots, and they'l as boldly do't;
As our Sir Martin *undertakes the Lute.*
Now for the Women ——
The little Fools into extreams are got,
Either they are stone cold or scalding hot.

Some peevish and ill-bred, are kind to none;
Others stark mad, in love with all the Town.
The famous Eater had his Worm to feed,
These Rampants have a hungry Worm indeed.
And as his ravenous stomack made him get
Tripes, Livers, and the courset sort of Meat,
Our craving Damosels, rather than stand out,
With any raw-bone Coxcombs run about;
Making no difference of Size or Age,
From the Grim Hector to the beardless Page.
Learn little ones, for shame learn to be wise,
And not so very rank, nor yet so nice.
Who buryes all his Wealth, and never lends,
Is more a Wretch than he that wildly spends.
And she who is so coy to fancy no man,
Is yet a viler thing than she that's common.
If you will own your selves concern'd you may,
And for a Saucy Prologue damn the Play.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Crazy. ONe that is in Pox, in Debt, and all the Misfortunes that can be, and in the midst of all, in love with most Women, and thinks most Women in love with him.

Drybob. A Fantastick Coxcomb, that makes it his business to speak fine things and wit as he thinks; and alwayes takes notice, or makes others take notice of any thing he thinks well said.

Brisk. A Brisk ayery fantastick, singing, dancing Coxcomb, that sets up for a well-bred Man and a Man of honour, but mistakes in every thing, and values himself onely upon the vanity and foppery of Gentlemen.

Raymund A Gentleman of wit and honour, in love with *Theodosia*.

Sir *Richard Loveyouth.* } Husband to the Lady *Loveyouth*, supposed dead.

Sneake. A young Parson, Fellow of a Colledge, Chaplain to the Lady *Loveyouth*, one that speaks nothing but Fustian with Greek and Latine, in love with *Bridget*.

Puslin. A French Surgeon, originally a Barber.

Lady *Loveyouth.* } A vain amorous Lady, mad for a Husband, jealous of *Theodosia*, in love with *Raymund*.

Theodosia. A witty ayery young Lady, of a great fortune, committed to the government of Lady *Loveyouth* her Aunt, persecuted with the love of *Crazy*, *Brisk*, and *Drybob*, whom she mimicks and abuses, in love with *Raymund*.

Bridget. Woman to the Lady *Loveyouth*.

Mrs. *Errant.* One that sells old Gowns, Petticoats, Laces, French Fans and Toys, and Jessumine Gloves, and a running Bawd.

Striker. A Habberdasher's Wife, a vain fantastick Strumpet, very fond and jealous of *Crazy*.

Friske. A vain Wench of the Town, debauch'd and kept by *Briske*.

Servants, Attendants, Fidlers, Bayliffs.

SCENE *LONDON*, in the Year 1670.

Duration of the Scene 24 *hours.*

SCENE LONDON, in the Year 1670.

Duration of the Scene 2½ Hours.

Servants, Attendants, Fiddlers, Bailiffs.

Bride. A vain Wench of the Town, debauch'd and kept by Bride.

Bride. A Hubbard-Bucher's Wife, a vain Lunatick Strumpet, very loud and jealous of Power.

Bawd.

Bride. Woman to the Lady Lovepunch.

Bride. A very young Lady, of great Fortune, committed to the Government of Lady Lovepunch her Aunt, perplexed with the Love of Cozy, Bride, and Dapper, whom she mimicks and bubbles, in love with Rayment.

Lady. A very young Lady, and for a Husband jealous of Bride, in love with Rayment.

Lady. A Person of Quality, in love with Dapper.

Lady. A French Surgeon, originally a Barber.

Lady. A Young Fellow of a College, Chaplain to the Lady Lovepunch, one that has read Homer, Greek and Latin, but very ignorant.

Lady. A Young Gentleman, newly arrived from the Plantations.

Lady. A Woman.

Lady. A Chamber-Maid.

Lady. A Cook.

Lady. A Footman.

Lady. A Boy.

Lady. A Coachman.

Lady. A Waterman.

Lady. A Porter.

Lady. A Chairman.

Lady. A Link-Boy.

Lady. A Constable.

Lady. A Watchman.

Lady. A Tinker.

Lady. A Tinker's Wife.

Lady. A Beggar.

Lady. A Beggar's Wife.

Lady. A Beggar's Boy.

Lady. A Beggar's Girl.

Lady. A Beggar's Dog.

Lady. A Beggar's Cat.

Lady. A Beggar's Ass.

Lady. A Beggar's Horse.

Lady. A Beggar's Cow.

Lady. A Beggar's Sheep.

Lady. A Beggar's Goat.

Lady. A Beggar's Pig.

Lady. A Beggar's Hen.

Lady. A Beggar's Cock.

Lady. A Beggar's Duck.

Lady. A Beggar's Goose.

Lady. A Beggar's Turkey.

Lady. A Beggar's Peacock.

Lady. A Beggar's Swan.

Lady. A Beggar's Eagle.

Lady. A Beggar's Vulture.

Lady. A Beggar's Crow.

Lady. A Beggar's Raven.

Lady. A Beggar's Magpie.

Lady. A Beggar's Parrot.

Lady. A Beggar's Monkey.

Lady. A Beggar's Bear.

Lady. A Beggar's Lion.

Lady. A Beggar's Tiger.

Lady. A Beggar's Elephant.

Lady. A Beggar's Camel.

Lady. A Beggar's Dromedary.

Lady. A Beggar's Rhinoceros.

Lady. A Beggar's Hippopotamus.

Lady. A Beggar's Crocodile.

Lady. A Beggar's Alligator.

Lady. A Beggar's Serpent.

Lady. A Beggar's Viper.

Lady. A Beggar's Adder.

Lady. A Beggar's Snake.

Lady. A Beggar's Worm.

Lady. A Beggar's Fly.

Lady. A Beggar's Flea.

Lady. A Beggar's Louse.

Lady. A Beggar's Tick.

Lady. A Beggar's Mite.

Lady. A Beggar's Nit.

Lady. A Beggar's Egg.

Lady. A Beggar's Chicken.

Lady. A Beggar's Duckling.

Lady. A Beggar's Gosling.

Lady. A Beggar's Turkey-Poult.

Lady. A Beggar's Peacock-Chick.

Lady. A Beggar's Swan-Cygnet.

Lady. A Beggar's Eaglet.

Lady. A Beggar's Vulture-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Crow-Chick.

Lady. A Beggar's Raven-Chick.

Lady. A Beggar's Magpie-Chick.

Lady. A Beggar's Parrot-Chick.

Lady. A Beggar's Monkey-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Bear-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Lion-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Tiger-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Elephant-Calf.

Lady. A Beggar's Camel-Colt.

Lady. A Beggar's Dromedary-Colt.

Lady. A Beggar's Rhinoceros-Calf.

Lady. A Beggar's Hippopotamus-Calf.

Lady. A Beggar's Crocodile-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Alligator-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Serpent-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Viper-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Adder-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Snake-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Worm-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Fly-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Flea-Cub.

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Lady. A Beggar's Gosling-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Turkey-Poult-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Peacock-Chick-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Swan-Cygnet-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Eaglet-Cub.

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Lady. A Beggar's Swan-Cygnet-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Eaglet-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Vulture-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Crow-Chick-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Raven-Chick-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Magpie-Chick-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Parrot-Chick-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Monkey-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Bear-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Lion-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Tiger-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Elephant-Calf-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Camel-Colt-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Dromedary-Colt-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Rhinoceros-Calf-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Hippopotamus-Calf-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Crocodile-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Alligator-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Serpent-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Viper-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Adder-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Snake-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Worm-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Fly-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Flea-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Louse-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Tick-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Mite-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Nit-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Egg-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Chicken-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Duckling-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Gosling-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

Lady. A Beggar's Turkey-Poult-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub.

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Lady. A Beggar's Monkey-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub-Cub

THE HUMORISTS.

ACT the First.

Enter Crazy *in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Crazy. OH this Surgeon! this damn'd Surgeon, will this Villainous Quack never come to me? Oh this Plaister on my Neck! It gnaws more than *Aqua Fortis*; this abominable Rascal has mistaken sure, and given me the same Caustick he apply'd to my Shins, when they were open'd last.

Enter Mrs. Errant.

Errant. Good morrow sweet Mr. *Crazy.*

Craz. Good morrow Mrs. *Errant.*

Errant. How does the pain in your Head?

Craz. Oh

Craz. Oh I am on the Rack! No Primitive Christian under *Diocleſian* ever ſuffer'd ſo much as I do under this Raſcal: This Villain, that like a Hangman deſtroys Mankind, and has the Law for't. Oh abominable Quacks! that devour more than all the Diſeaſes would do, were they let alone, which they pretend to cure.

Errant. Ay, but Sir, yours is a French Surgeon, and who ſo fit to cure the French Diſeaſe as a French-Surgeon?

Crazy. Yes, as one poyſon expels another; but if this Rogue ſhould cure me, he can cure me of nothing but what he has given me himſelf: 'twas nothing, when I put my ſelf into his hands; he has brought it to what it is, and I think I muſt deal with him as they do that are bitten with a Viper, cruſh the Rogues Head and apply it to the part, for if I do not kill him, he'l be the death of me.

Errant. It may be Sir, he favours the Diſeaſe for Countrey's ſake.

Craz. A Curſe on theſe French Cheats, they begin to be as rife amongſt us, as their Countrey Diſeaſe, and do almoſt as much miſchief too: No Corner, without French Taylors, Weavers, Milliners, Strong-Water-Men, Perfumers, and Surgeons: but muſt I be ſuch a fantaſtick Sot as to be cheated by them? Could not I make uſe of my own Countrey-men, that are famous all over the World for cheating one another?

Errant. I am heartily ſorry Sir, for you could not have been ill in ſo unſeaſonable a time.

Craz. Oh! why Mrs. *Errant*, what's the matter?

Errant. Do you think he could not mend you, and patch you up to hold together a little for the preſent?

Craz. Why Mrs. *Errant*? Oh death! what's this I feel?

Errant. I was with Mrs. *Striker* the Habberdaſhers Wife, this morning, to ſell ſome of my little French Toys, as Fans, Points, that had been worn a little, and Jeſſamine Gloves; but chiefly a Maid of Honours Old Gown, that fitted her to a hair; and a delicate white Mantou: and a pair of the neateſt little Shoes that had been worn two or three days by a Counteſs, that bewitched the very heart of her.

Craz. Well! and how does my dear *Striker*? Does ſhe not deſire to ſee me poor heart.... Oh what a twinge was that?

Errant.

Errant. She does most impatiently wait the good hour, that she may steal from her Husband and give you a meeting at the White-Hart at *Hammersmith.*

Craz. Alas! dear soul! I know she loves me entirely. Oh my Shinne! 'tis there now: sweet Mrs. *Errant* sit down, and do me the favour to chafe it a little.

[*She sits and rubs his Shins, he makes sowre faces.*

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Ha, ha, ha! this is pleasant, 'faith; this Itinerant Haberdasher of small Wares, is a Ranger of the Game, a very Bawd-Errant . . . chafing of his Shins too! ha, ha, ha . . . . but how could I think any of that Profession could be otherwise, procuring lies so in their way, they cannot avoid it.

Craz. She is a most delicate person, I love her infinitely, and I believe she has no unkindness for me.

Raym. Ah brave *Crazy!* do'st thou hold up thy humor still? Art thou still in love with all Women?

Craz. Faith *Raymund* I cannot but have an affection, nay a veneration for the whole Sex yet.

Raym. I'll swear all Women ought to believe thou lov'st 'em, for thou hast suffer'd more for them than all Knight Errants in Romances ever did. I'll say that for thee, and thou hast as much Passive-Valour as to Pill and Bolus, as any man in Christendom.

Errant. It shews him to be a person of much generosity and honour.

Craz. Perhaps there is not a truer Lover of the Sex than my self among Mankind . . . . . Oh my Shoulders!

Raym. Thou hast reason, witness that twinge else; well certainly so much Love and Pox never met together in one Man since the Creation. Nor 'faith do I know which is the more tolerable Disease of the two.

Craz. Prethee *Raymund* no more of this Raillery.

Errant. Do not scandalize Mr. *Crazy* so; the Venom of his Disease is all gone, this is but a Rheum, a meer Rheum.

Raym. Why thou Villain *Crazy*, wilt thou never leave wheadling Women thus?

Craz. Prethee leave off, I tell thee 'tis no more.

Raym. Why what impudent is this? If thou goest on in this, thou art not fit to go loose, I will have a Red Cross set upon thy Door: why don't I know thou hast taken Bushels of Pills and Bolus's enough to purge all the Corporations in the Kings Dominions.

Craz. You make good use of your time, to get drunk so soon in a Morning.

Raym. Hast thou not rais'd the price of *Sarsaperilla*, and *Guiacum* all over the Town .. the Drugsters are very ungrateful Fellows, if they do not give thee a Pension for the good thou hast done to their Trade.

Craz. Mind him not Mrs. *Errant*, he's lewdly drunk.

Errant. I protest Sir he's the least in my thoughts.

Raym. Why thou Sot thou, dost thou talk of Love, and say thou hast no Pox; why I will not give Six Moneths purchase for an Estate during the term of thy Natural Nose! I shall live to see thee snuffle worse than a Scotch Bag-Pipe that has got a flaw in the Bellows.

Craz. Let him alone, let him alone! this is a way he has with him.

Errant. He's a very uncivil man, let me tell you that.

Raym. Why hast thou not for these seven years observ'd thy seasons like the Swallow or the Cuckoo; with them thou flit'st abroad in the Summer, and with them retir'st in the Winter; why thou art a kind of Vegetable, that perp'st out thy head at the coming of the Spring, and Shrink'st it in again at the approach of the Winter; while we that drink Burgundy, like Bay-trees, are green and flourish all the year.

Craz. Why, hast thou the confidence to compare Wine to Beauty?

Errant. Ay, I thought what a proper man you were.

Craz. Wine, that makes you swell'd like Trumpeters with pimpl'd Faces, and Eyes staring like Pigs half roasted, prominent Bellies, perish'd Lungs, tainted Breaths, patch'd Livers, decay'd Nerves, perpetual Feavers, Dropsies, Gowts, Palseys, and a Complication of more Diseases than you drink Healths.

Raym. With what ease can I return upon thee, Women, that bring you to sore Eyes, weaken'd Hams, Sciatica's, falling Noses, and Rheums, *Crazy.*

Errant.

Errant. Now out upon you for a base man, to revile Women thus.

Raym. But then Wine, the Bond of humane Society, that makes us free as absolute Princes, rich without covetousness, merry, valiant, witty, generous, and wise without allay; that inspires us far above the level of humane thoughts, and affords us diviner Raptures than the deities of old did to their prophets in their Extasies.

Craz. But then Beauty, Heaven's brightest Image, the thing which all the World desires and fights for; the Spur to Honour and all glorious Actions, without which no Dominion would have been priz'd or Hero ever heard of; the most gentle, sweet, delicate, soft thing ——

Errant. O dear Mr. *Crazy!* Go thy ways, thou art a sweet man. [*She claps* Crazy *on the Shoulders.*

Craz. O Death! what have you done? You have murder'd me; oh you have struck me just upon a Callous Node, do you think I have a body of Iron?

Errant. Sir I beg your pardon, I had quite forgot it, this Rheum is very violent.

Craz. Oh, oh.

Raym. The most sweet, delicate, gentle soft thing, go on *Crazy.*

Craz. The most delicate, sweet, gentle, soft — Oh Devil what do I endure?

Enter Pullin *the French Surgeon.*

Pullin. Good morr, good morre.

Craz. Oh, oh!

Pull. 'Tis ver vel, come to our Business, ve vil proceed to de operation.

Craz. Oh my Neck and Shoulders.

Pull. Yes, yes, I vas ver vel assure of dat; it vil put you to de paine Indeed; but if dere be such tinge in *Englande* for draw, den I am no Syrigin indeed.

Craz. Oh you damn'd eternal Son of a Whore Quack!

Pull.

Pull. Cacque morbleu! Vat is Cacque? I know ver vel vat is Son for a Whore, but vat is Cacque vertu-bleu I can no tell.

Raym. 'Tis a certain Raſcal, that cheats a man both of his money and health.

Craz. Juſt ſuch a Raſcal as you are.

Pull. Begar, you are miſtake, Cacque is no French vard; it is for the Dam'd Syrigin-Engliſh. Mais vat is de matre vid you?

Raym. Damn'd Engliſh Surgeon! Why you impudent Villain, did not you when you came firſt into *England*, ride upon a Milch Aſs, and did not you maintain your ſelf by ſelling her Milk to people in Conſumptions, till you ſet up for an abominable Barber, but for the damn'd roughneſs of your hand and the filthy noiſomneſs of your breath, could get no Cuſtomers; and then were fain to ſet up with ſix penyworth of Diaculum and a Collection of rotten Pippins, and pretended only to the Cure of Broken Heads; and had you any other Cuſtomers for a year together than the Cudgel Players of *Moor-Fields*, or now and then a Drawer that was wounded with a Quart Pot.

Pull. I am amaze, vat is de buſineſſe?

Errant. Sir, I muſt make bold to take my leave.

Craz. Your Servant ſweet Mrs. *Errant*, preſent my ſervice to *Theodoſia*, and let her know I have a paſsion for her, you underſtand me.

Errant. Fear it not Sir —— [*Ex. Errant.*]

Pull. Ver vel, you make de jeſt of me.

Raym. Was not the next thing you arriv'd at, the ineſtimable ſecret of Brimſtone and Butter for the Cure of the Itch, and had you any one Receipt more?

Pull. 'Tis ver vel indeed Mr. *Crazy*! I am come to be abuſe.

Craz. Why, have you the impudence to deny this: Good Mounſeur *Pullin*, do not I remember when you firſt ſet up for the Cure of this Diſeaſe you pretend to, with only two pound of Turpentine and a little China, a few Hermodactyles, a pound or two of *Sarſaperilla*, and *Guiacum*; two Glyſter-bags and one Syringe: Could all thy wealth arrive at more Materials than theſe?

Raym. I muſt confeſs, ſince, you have learn'd ſome little experience, by marrying an unſound Engliſh Strumpet, that was pepper'd

per'd by some of your Ambassadors Footmen; she, by the many Courses she has gone thorow, has taught you something.

Pull. Tete bleu, dat I should be dus affronte.

Raym. If you had been good for any thing, there were Diseases enough in your own Countrey, to maintain you, without coming to us, with a Pox to you.

Pull. O Jernie, vat is dis? I have cure ten tousand Gentlemen of de Clappe in *Paris*, and to be abuse! ——

Craz. Am not I oblig'd to you then, that you would not cure one in *England*? for *Raymund*, now there is not a Woman here, I confess to you, he has not wholly cur'd me; but on my conscience I can do a Woman no hurt.

Pull. I am assure dat all de Operators for de Clapp in *England* can no do so much as I do to cure you.

Raym. Why hast thou not been longer in curing him than a *Chancery* Suit is depending?

Craz. Did not I put my self into your hands when it was first a *Ghonorhea virulenta*? Did not you by your damn'd French Tricks, your Styptick-Injections, and your Turpentine Clysters, suffer me to be Chorde, to come to Caruncles, to the Phymasii, Caries, Pubii, Bubones, Herniæ.

Raym. Nay, have you not driven his Enemy out of the open Field, where he might have been easily conquer'd, into his Strong Holds and Garrisons.

Pull. Ver vel, ver vel.

Craz. Is there any one Symptome which I have not had.. oh -- have I not had your *Carbunculæ*, *Achrocordones*, *Mermecii*, *Thymi*, all sorts of Ulcers superficial and profound, Callous, Cancerous, Fistulous.

Raym. Hey-brave *Crazy*! thou hast terms enough to set up two reasonable Mountebanks.

Craz. Have I not had your *Pustulæ*, *Crustatæ*, and *Sine Crustis Verucæ*, *Cristæ*, *Tophi*, *Ossis*, *Caries*, *Chyronja*, *Telephia*, *Phagadenia*, *Diseputetica*.

Raym. What art thou going to raise the Devil with these hard words?

Pull. Vel! and have I no cure all dese? Have I no given you de sweate, not in a damn'd English Tub or Hot-house, but I have taught

taught you to ſweat in de Cradle, and vid Spirit of Vine in de Paper Lanthorn, *ala Francois*, and taught you de uſe of de Baine *d'Alexandre.*

Craz. And has all this done any thing but driven him to his Winter Quarters, where he domineers as much as ever; Oh I have him here.

Raym. You have given him ſo many Bolus's in Leaf Gold, that the loathſomneſs of 'em, has made his Stomach turn at a Twenty Shillings Piece, and that's the reaſon he never carries any in his Pocket.

Craz. Do you hear that Raſcal? I have been cheated enough by you; but I'll bilk your Cribbidge for you.

Pull. But aſſure de Law will give de remede.

Craz. And that thou mayeſt be curſt ſufficiently for this, mayeſt thou be as long in Law as I have been in Phyſick.

Raym. Prethee curſe him to purpoſe, may he be choak'd with Bolus's, drown'd in Dyet-drink, or ſmother'd in a Privy-houſe, that he may die by that Excrement by which he liv'd.

Pull. Diable, no curſe me, give de Madiction to the Dam Whore.

Craz. O Impudence! I proteſt to you *Raymund* ſhe is as pretty a civil young Lady, and between you and I, a Perſon of Honour.

Raym. She was a very Podky Perſon of Honour.

Craz. And on my Conſcience and Soul loved me as paſſionately as any young Lady in *England.*

Raym. Beſides, if ſhe were a Whore, her Calling [*To* Pullin.] is to give it, and yours to cure it, Sirrah.

Craz. Shall I ſuffer ſo excellent, ſo vertuous a Perſon, to be traduc'd by your fowl Mouth, you Raſcal: Get you gon, you Dogge. ——— *Kicks him.*

Pull. O vat is dis? Elp, Elp .... vel, vel, dere is the Law for do me Juſtice ——— *Ex.* Pullin.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Sir, here's a Lady alighted out of a Coach, and coming up hither.

Craz. 'Slife a Lady! give me my Hat and Peruke, quick, quick, prethee

prethee *Raymund* help me quickly, that I may appear well before her.

Raym. If thou can'ſt appear no better than thou art, ſhe'll not like thee very well.

Craz. So, ſo! you ſay I am not in favour with the Ladies.

Enter Mrs. Striker.

Strik. Your humble ſervant ſweet Mr. *Crazy*, I have juſt broke looſe from my husband, and come to kiſs your hands. Oh cry you mercy, you have a Stranger with you; I proteſt if I had known it, I would not have been ſo bold.

Raym. Though I be a ſtranger Madam, I am ready to be as well acquainted with you as you pleaſe.

Craz. Dear Madam *Striker* ſtay a little, this is a Friend of mine, you may truſt him — You ſee *Raymund*, alas, I am no body with the Ladies, not I. This is a Perſon of honour.

Raym. No doubt on't.

Strik. Sir, I beſeech you miſconſtrue not my innocent intentions, I heard Mr. *Crazy* was not well, or I ſhould not have ſeen him.

Craz. If I were not, I ſhould be oblig'd to my diſtemper, were it the Gout, and be very loath to part with it, to be depriv'd of the honour of ſeeing you; but I am very well.

Friske. Your ſervant, ſweet Mr. *Crazy*, I heard you were not well. *Enter Mrs. Friske*

Raym. Another! they flock about this Fellow as Ravens do about a ſick man for the reverſion of Carrion.

Strik. How came ſhe here tro? I do not like this Mr. *Crazy*.

Frisk. Your ſervant Madam *Striker*.

Strik. Your ſervant Madam *Friske*. [Raym. *takes* Striker *aſide.*

Craz. Really, Madam *Friske*, this is ſuch a favour as will make me eternally indebted to you — but I am ſo well, as I intended to come and kiſs your hands.

Frisk. But how came ſhe here I wonder?

Raym. Pray Madam, do me the favour to tell me who ſhe is?

Strik. Sir, I'll inform you preſent'y. Truly Mr. *Crazy*, this is not civil, to be ſo familiar with ſuch a one as ſhe is in my preſences

I thought for my part that I had been enough for any one perſon.

Friske. Mr. *Crazy*, one word with you; I wonder for my part Madam Flirts ſhould have no more breeding than to interrupt us.

Strik. Why I'll tell you Sir, what ſhe is, ſhe is a perſon of mean deſcent; I think her Father was at firſt a Journey-man Taylor or ſome ſuch thing: She was debaucht by one Mr. *Briske* an Inns of-Court-Gentleman, and I am ſure 'twas well for her, ſhe was ſo; for before that ſhe went in Paragon and Pattens: for my part I would not be known to be in her company for more than I'll ſpeak of.

Raym. This is pleaſant.

Strik. Pray Mr. *Crazy* favour me with one word; Lord, Madam *Friske*, cannot you let one ſpeak a word with ones Friend?

Frisk. Your friend, alas poor ſoul, ſure I may pretend to as much intereſt in him as you can.

Strik. How's this? you pretend!

Craz. No *Raymund*, I have no ſhare in the Ladies favours not I! Do you ſee how jealous the poor things are of me, poor Hearts! Oh my Shoulders! they are both Perſons of Quality ---- But Madam *Striker*, pray miſtruſt not my affection.

Raym. Pray Madam, let me beg the favour to know who ſhe is?

Frisk. She! why ſhe's a pitiful Habberdaſher's Wife, her Huſband's a poor ſneaking Cuckold; ſhe has a very ill reputation, for my part I don't care for being ſeen in her Company, that's the truth on't.

Raym. That's very well.

Frisk. She uſed to appear in a ſcurvy *Fleetſtreet* Dreſs, but now ſhe comes into the Pit at the Play-Houſe, and makes briske Repartees to young Sparks.

Strik. What to have ſuch a ſcandalous Woman as ſhe come to your Chamber; truly if it were not here, I ſhould have ſoon left her company. One may have one Friend I confeſs, or ſo; but to have two or three club for one, I ſcorn her.

Raym. I ſee there are Punctilio's of Honour among Whores as well as Bullies.

Frisk. But pray Mr. *Crazy*, come hither; you do not tell me how you like my new Petticoat here?

Strik.

Strik. Lord, Madam *Friske*, why how should he like it, 'tis but an ordinary slight thing; for my part I do not like it at all.

Frisk. No matter what you say, as long as one does.

Raym. Who's that one, *Crazy?* [*Fogs him.*]

Craz. 'Slife you hurt my Arm; but that one is I man, that thou should'st not find it.

Strik. But pray Mr. *Crazy* how do you like this Point about my Neck?

Craz. 'Tis a very pretty Ornament, but you give an Ornament to that.

Frisk. That is a foolish Counterfeit Point.

Strik. I come, come; I come by my things honestly.

Frisk. Ay, and I as honestly as you too; but pray how do you like this Ruby upon my Finger?

Craz. 'Tis very glorious indeed.

Strik. Is not this a very pretty Locket?

Frisk. Let me see what's a Clock; 'tis just Eleven ---

Strik. 'Tis a quarter past by mine.

Frisk. Yours! Ay I think so; your's is a scurvy Silver Watch, and does not go right.

Strik. Good lack a day, a Silver Watch! why it should go with any Gold Watch in Town for 20*l.*

Frisk. Yes, yes; 'tis very like a Silver Watch can go as well as a Gold one? ha, ha, ha---

Raym. Hey! they use him as if they were bidding for him by Candles ends.

Strik. Alas poor silly Creature!

Raym. But, Madam *Friske*, from whence come all these fine things?

Frisk. Ha, ha, there is a way that we have Sir.

Strik. But Mr. *Crazy*, I must of necessity leave you; my husband will be come home: but I'll see you agen.

Craz. I am sorry you must make me unhappy so soon, but have you a Coach?

Strik. Yes, I have a Hackney waiting below.

Frisk. O fie! a Hackney! I hate 'em all they are so uneasie: I have a Coach with a Coronet waits for me.

Strik. Ay, ay, there's ſome could borrow Lords Coaches too, if they would do as others do, Madam *Friske*, let me tell you that.

Frisk. I don't know, Madam *Striker*, but I believe they would if they could.

Strik. Well, well, I like a Hackney; but 'tis no matter, Mr. *Crazy*, your ſervant —— [*Ex.*

Frisk. I muſt be gone Sir too.

Craz. Will you eclipſe me ſo ſoon?

Frisk. Indeed I beg your pardon for eclipſing of you, but I cannot help it at preſent; your ſervant —— [*Ex.*

Craz. Have you ſuch Ladies as theſe come to viſit you?

Raym. No Sir, I keep no ſuch ill Company.

Craz. Company! why they are Perſons of Honour.

Raym. Yes, yes, I know Habberdaſhers Wives and Taylors Daughters are Perſons of Honour; fare you well, fare you well, and keep your Perſons of Honour to your ſelf.

Craz. But do yee hear Sir?

Raym. No Sir, no; no wheadles upon me, I am to dine at *Chatolins* with ſome Perſons of Honour —— Adiew. [*Ex.*

Craz. 'Sdeath! how unlucky is this, he ſhould diſcover it, Boy. [*Enter* Boy.]

Boy. Sir.

Craz. Come in and dreſs me: Oh my head and ſhoulders —— [*Exit.*

The Second ACT.

Enter Raymund *and* Footman.

Raym. I wonder my Lady *Loveyouths* Woman appears not yet; this was the time appointed! if 'twere an aſſignation for her ſelf, ſhe would be more punctual: Waiting Women have always the Grace to keep touch for that. Sirra, Go tell Mrs. *Bridget* I am here. *Footm.*

Footm. I will Sir ——— [*Ex.*

Raym. I am very uneasie, till I hear an Account from her of my Letter to *Theodosia*, Excellent *Theodosia*, I have sought many opportunities to make my passion known to her; and upon her receiving it, depends my life or death. [*Enter* Bridget *and* Oh Mrs. *Bridget* your servant ——— Footman. Come! you are my little Genius from whom I expect nothing but good; what's my doom?

Bridg. Why Sir, she read your Letter, and whether she would not trust me, being a Servant to her Aunt, or what it was, I know not; but methought your Letter did not seem so agreeable as I expected.

Raym. He's a faint Souldier that gives off for one repulse, if she were as hard to be taken as *Candia*, I'll not raise the Siege: but you are my dear Confident, do me the honour to receive this little earnest of my Gratitude: I must confess it is too small a Present, and yet enough to make a Waiting Woman betray her [*Aside.* Countrey, were it in her power.

Bridget. Really Sir, you make me blush.

Raym. No more, no more; but dear Mrs. *Bridget*, can you tell me why your Lady so narrowly watches me, that I could never yet have opportunity to speak to her Niece?

Bridg. Well! there is nothing I can keep from you; the truth is, my Lady loves you most passionately, and desires no such Rivals as her Niece, I warrant you.

Raym. Prethee don't rally with me, but tell me ———

Bridg. You are strangely dull, if you perceive it not your self; does she not admit those that have less fortunes, as Mr. *Drybob* and Mr. *Briske* to make love to her, and yet bars you of that liberty: Can this be any thing but her love to you?

Raym. It is impossible.

Bridg. Well, it shall all out; the truth on't is, she can neither think nor talk of any thing but Mr. *Raymund* in her very sleep; she embraces me when I lie with her, and calls me Mr *Raymund*; I remember once she did it so eagerly, I protest I was afraid of a Rape.

Raym. If this be true she tells me, I must disguise my love to her Niece, or I shall be sure to lose her.

Bridg.

Bridg. My Lady, Sir you know, has a great Eſtate, beſides her Jointure, and has the diſpoſal of *Theodoſia* abſolutely given her by her Brothers Will.

Raym. What u lucky Devil deſign'd this to croſs me.

Bridg. If you pleaſe to conſider, 'twould be no ill bargain for you; I ſhould be very glad of the honour to ſerve you in it.

Raym. But I have heard ſhe is not yet aſſur'd of the death of her husband, indeed I have been told he parted from her about three years ſince upon ſome diſcontent, and never ſince was heard of.

Bridg. Yes Sir, my Lady heard of him from *Venice*, from whence about two years ſince, he went to the War at *Candia*, and we having never heard from him ſince, conclude him dead.

Raym. 'Tis very probable, ſhe is employ'd by her Lady, I muſt not truſt her. It muſt be ſo, I ſee there is no way to come to the Niece, but by the Aunt —— Wonder not that *I* am am ſurpriz'd at this News, ſince it is a happineſs too great for my belief. [*Aſide.*

Bridg. Do you think it a happineſs?

Raym. So great, that I am doubly paid for the loſs of *Theodoſia*, in gaining ſo excellent a Lady as my Lady *Loveyouth*; and I'll aſſure you there I ſhould have made my firſt addreſs, but that I heard ſhe had made a Vow of Widdowhood.

Bridg. And did you believe that Vow Sir?

Raym. No I warrant you. I would as ſoon credit a Knight of the Poſt, as a proteſting Widdow. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* let me entruſt you with my love to your Lady, ſince it concerns me ſo nearly. [*Aſide.*

Bridg. Sir, I ſhall be very glad of this occaſion, and can the more eaſily promiſe you my aſſiſtance in it; ſince Mr. *Sneake*, whom I have no ſmall power over, can perſwade my Lady to any thing.

Raym. Is't he that ſpeaks nothing but Greek or Latine, or Engliſh Fuſtian? He's Fellow of a Colledge, if I miſtake not.

Bridg. The ſame Sir.

Raym. Indeed I have heard he is a Well-wiſher to you. But he's out of Town ——

Bridg. He will be in Town this Afternoon, I had an Epiſtle from him, which tells me ſo, which perhaps is one of the pleaſant'ſt you ever read.

Raym.

Raym. What's this?

A Letter.

Perdurant and inconcuſſed Miſtriſs,

'Tis not onely my Solamen, but the Celſitude of my felicity, that the tranſpiration of our Chaſt Flames of Sympathetick Amity, are mutually continuate; whoſe perpetuity no Snake hair'd deſtiny nor Furies-Furiband nor the ghaſtly Ghoſts of Central Nigritude, with all their damn'd infernal Powers, can e'r evert, renode, or diſſolve ——

Why this is conjuring.

Bridg. O Lord Sir, yoader comes Mr. *Drybob*; walk off I beſeech you, I muſt not be ſeen with you. —— *Ex. Raym.*

[*Enter Mr.* Drybob *with a little French Dog under his arm.*

Dryb. Well, I know ſome Sots, that are ſtill preſenting their Miſtriſſes rich Rings and Lockets, till they ſpend more than their Portions in the wooing of them; but let 'em match me for a Preſent. He e's a pretty French Dog ſhall charm the Heart of *Theodoſia*. This is as new a Preſent it may be as can be thought on, beſides, really 'tis very pretty and fantaſtick.

Bridg. What has this Fopp got under his Arm?

Dryb. Beſides, this Dog I ſtole from my Mother, who lov'd him as well as if ſhe had whelp'd him her ſelf; and I can ſay ſo many fine ingenious pretty things upon him too, beſides a Song that I have made of him that ſhall bewitch her certainly.

Bridg. How now Mr. *Drybob*, what are you deſigning ſome Reformation i'th Government, you are ſo ſtudious?

Dryb. Oh Mrs. *Bridget* your Servant! my little Factor in Love! ha! I think that was no ill expreſſion of mine; but what News of the Cargo of my Love, which I intruſted you with? Will it turn to account? I think by the way, that thought of mine was well enough? Oh what think'ſt thou?

Bridg. O admirably well ſaid! ——

Dryb. Nay, it may be I do ſay as many fine things in a year, as e'r a wit of 'em all; but let that alone.

Bridg. I think ſo, you are the Chief of all the Wits.

Dryb.

Dryb. I! no alas, not I; I know they will have me one amongst them, do what I can: but deuce take me, if I care much for the Name on't. Indeed I do value my self upon Reperty a little that's the truth on't, and not to lie to you, I must confess I am very happy in that; but alas! who can help it.

Bridg. But what have you got under your Arm Sir?

Dryb. A pretty little French Dog, which I intend to sacrifice to my Mistriss; Sacrifice! observe that word —— hum, ha.

Bridg. What Sir, shall he die for your Mistriss?

Dryb. I thank you for that, ha! ne'r a Dog in *Christendom* shall have the honour to die for my Mistriss, I intend to do that my self, if there be occasion for't.

Bridg. How then Sir?

Dryb. I intend to present him to her delicate Alablaster hands, as an Hieroglyphick of my affection; Hierogliphick? ha, ha, well, I am amaz'd to think how these thoughts come into my head. I am, as to matter of Jests, as my Friend *Ovid* was in Verses, *Quicquid conabor dicere* —— now as I hope to live, this came into my head before I was aware on't.

Bridg. Good lack! 'tis wonderful.

Dryb. Nay, faith, 'tis strange, as thou sayst, but would I might ne'r stir out of this place, if it was not *ex tempore*, I protest and vow, as I am an honest man it was.

Bridg. It is impossible.

Dryb. Nay, prethee, dear Mrs. *Bridget*, believe now, deuce take me, if it was not; but faith I think Hieroglyphick was very pretty and Catachrestical. —— hum.

Bridg. Sir, If you please, I'll sacrifice this Dog to my Lady *Theodosia*. ——

Dryb. No, I beg your pardon, I will my self make an Oblation of him to her, as I do of this little Tribute of a Purse to you.

Bridg. Your humble Servant Sir.
If this Trade holds, I shall get as much by Bribery as e'r a Magistrate in the Nation can ——

Dryb. But pray how does *Theodosia* receive or entertain my Love? no, no, my Flame, my Flame? ay Flame: that's well enough expresst too, hah.

Bridg.

Bridg. Very well Sir; and yet I must tell you, you have a very dang'rous Rival, one Mr. *Crazy*.

Dryb. He, pshaw! a pox on him, he has no wit; a damn'd dull fellow, he cannot break a jest in an hour: but may I have the liberty to go and caress my Mistriss.

Bridg. No Sir, at present she is not visible.

Dryb. Visible! ha, ha, ha, very prettily said upon my life and soul; well I see thou art happy in thy thoughts sometimes as well as I am. [*Bell rings.*

Bridg. Hold Sir, *I* hear my Ladies Bell! I am call'd, adieu.

Dryb. Adieu — my dear Love Factor, as *I* said before.

Enter Crazy.

Here comes *Crazy*, ha, ha, he is my Rival, pox on him; *I* fear him not; no, no, *Theodosia* has judgement to distinguish between a dull fellow and a man of parts. Hold, *I* must conceal my Dog.

Craz. *I* am your Servant Mr. *Dryboh*.

Dryb. O Sir, your humble —— but whither are you marching with so galliard and facetious a Countenance, as if you intended this day to storm Ladies hearts ——— hah.

Craz. Ha, ha! faith to tell thee the truth, *I* am going to visit a Lady a Person of Honour.

Dryb. By what Name or Title dignifi'd or distinguish'd?

Craz. Well, honest *Dryboh*, thou art my loving Friend; *I'll* bring thee to her: She is upon my honour, the most delicate bewitching Person; and *I* think *I* may say without vanity, has some affection for me.

Dryb. He little thinks *I* am his Rival. Pox on me, if he be not one of the dullest fellows. I could find in my heart to write against him, and *I'll* be hang'd, if in a Moneths time *I* did not write his Head off.

Craz. On my soul and conscience she is one of the most ingenious and judicious Ladies —— and in good earnest *I* don't use to be mistaken in these things. *I* could tell you many symptomes of her affection.

Dryb. Symptomes of affection; to give the Devil his due,

that's not amiſs; but I'de be hang'd if I did not break his heart with Reperties in half an hour for all this; poor Sot.

Craz. As Sir, I'll tell you ſome.

Enter Bayliffs *and arreſt* Crazy.

Bayl. Mr. *Crazy* I arreſt you.

Craz. Arreſt me! at whoſe Suit? Hold, hold, hands off. Oh you hurt my Callous Node.

Bayl. Do not tell us of this and that, I arreſt you at the Suit of Mounſieur *Pullin*, the French Surgeon. Come away.

Dryb. Let me go. —— [Craz. *lays hold on* Drybob.

Craz. Prethee, dear *Drybob*, bail me.

Dryb. Hold *Crazy*, do not name me, I was bound with a wit for a ſum of money, and 'tis come to an Execution, as moſt of their debts do; and there is a Warrant out againſt me — I dare not ſtay —— [*Breaks looſe.*

Craz. Oh I am undone, beyond redemption.

Dryb. So, ſo, *Crazy* is catch'd as ſure as a Rat in a Trap.

Craz. O my Shoulders! I am murder'd — [*They tug and hale him.*

Enter Mrs. Errant.

Errant. Help, help, here, will you kill Mr. *Crazy*? Help, help.

Bayl. Out you Strumpet, what do you come to make a reſcue? [*Kick her.*

Erran. Murder, murder! help, help.

Craz. Good, honeſt, worthy, loving, pretty, dear, good-natur'd Gentlemen, ſtay but a moment.

Bayl. No Sir, no; come along. ——

Craz. Nay, dear hearts, dear ſouls, I have no money, but here is a Ring, *I* had at the Funeral of my Uncle, take that to let me have the honour to ſpeak with that Lady.

Bayl. Nay, *I'll* be glad for my part to do any Civility *I* can for a Gentleman.

Errant. What's the matter, Sir, are you arreſted? *I'll* fetch you bayl.

Craz.

Craz. No it is no matter for that; but dear Mrs. *Errant* thou art my life and soul, prethee tell me, how doſt thou find *Theodoſia* inclin'd, do'ſt thou think ſhe loves me.

Errant. Without queſtion ſhe has ſome kindneſs for you, ſhe confeſt to me you were one of the wittieſt perſons.

Craz. No alas, not ſo neither.

Errant And one of the handſomeſt Gentlemen ſhe ever ſaw.

Craz. Nay, fie, fie, that was a little too much 'faith, ſhe's a very Judicious Woman.

Errant. But you have a dang'rous Rival one Mr. *Drybob.*

Craz. He alas! alas!

Bayl. Come Sir, we can ſtay no longer.

Craz. Hold but a little, but one minute. [*Enter* Raymund.

Raym. How now *Crazy*? are they hurrying thee to baſe durance, and contagious priſon?

Craz. Yes *Raymund*, at the Suit of *Pullin* the French Surgeon.

Raym. Stay yee Dogs.

Bayl. Who are you? What would you reſcue our priſ'ner from us? then have at you.

Raym. How now Raſcals? [*They fight.*

Errant. Hey brave Mr. *Crazy*, hey brave Mr. *Raymund*: So Sir, now you are at liberty, I'll take my leave; I'm in haſte to go to Mrs. *Striker* the Habberdaſhers Wife.

Craz. And wilt thou remember me dear Mrs. *Errant*?

Errant. Ay, ay, I warrant you.

Craz. Your moſt obliged Servant——— [*Ex. Errant.*

Raym. Come on *Crazy*, thou behav'ſt thy ſelf bravely.

Craz. O Sir, I ſhould have fought better, but for ſome damn'd Puſtles upon my Arm, and ſome Acrochordones upon my right Shoulder; but really Mr. *Raymund* this is ſuch a deliverance, that nothing can ſhew my gratitude, but to bring you to ſee a Perſon of Honour hard by.

Raym. What a Habberdaſhers Wife and a Journeyman Taylors Daughter ——

Craz: Nay prethee *Raymund*, no fooling; I'll tell thee who 'tis, 'tis *Theodoſia*; I hope ſhe is a Perſon of Honour Sir.

Raym. Are you acquainted with her?

Craz. Acquainted! yes, yes, I ſhan't ſay much, but it may be — but I am a fool for ſpeaking —— yet thou art my friend, ſhe commends me extreamly, and ſays I am the wittieſt Gentleman and the fineſt perſon, and if I may with modeſty tell thee, I have ſome aſſurances of her kindneſs.

Raym. Death, if I did not know the vanity of this Raſcal, this would ſtrangely move me.

Craz. But why do I talk, you'll not believe I am in favour with the Ladies, but I'll bring you to her and convince you.

Raym. Come on Sir, I'll go with you ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Loveyouth *and* Theodoſia.

La. Lovey. Come, come, Gentlewoman, deny it not to me; I perceive your inclinations well enough: but pray let me adviſe you not to ſet your thoughts upon Mr. *Raymund.*

Theo. What's your reaſon, Madam?

La. Lovey. My reaſon, Minx! Come, come, there's ſomething in't that is not fit to tell you.

Theo. I underſtand the myſtery well enough, but I will ſet my heart upon him in ſpight of her ravenous Ladiſhip, that would make him her prey.

La. Lovey. Beſides, he's a wild young Gentleman.

Theo. And you would have the taming of him. [*Aſide.*

La. Lovey. I believe he'll diſpoſe of himſelf in another place too I'll aſſure you ——— This inſolent Girle would come in competition with me forſooth. Do not I allow you three Suiters, that's enough for any reaſonable Woman one would think.

Theo. And three ſuch too! Madam!

La. Lovey. Such, I'll aſſure you Mr. *Crazy*, Mr. *Briske*, and Mr. *Dryboh*, are three as agreeable perſons and as pretty Sparks perhaps.

Theo. And as well match'd as any three Baboons in *Europe*, why, Madam, I would as ſoon marry a Drill as any one of them. The little Gentleman a Horſe-back, that leads the Bears to perſecution, is a Prince to any of them.

La. Lovey. Ay, ay, I know her drift, ſhe would rob me of Mr. *Raymund*, but if I have any prevailing Charms remaining in theſe Eyes of mine, ſhe ſhall not.

Theo.

Theo. They Husbands, why a Nunnery were more tolerable, to be mew'd up with none but musty old Women, or your melancholy young Eaters of Chalk. I had rather be kept waking at a Conventicle than hear the name of them.

La. Lovey. You are a fooliſh Girle! I proteſt they are pretty Gallants and Wits of the Town.

Theo. Gallants and Wits! Buffoons and Jack-puddens; rather condemn me to a little City-Shop-Keeper, with whom I may never have new Gown and Handkercher, but half a year behind the Faſhion; where I may be bred to rail againſt the Ladies of the Court, among my publick She Neighbours, and to mince and ſimper at an Up-ſitting or a Chriſtning.

La. Lovey. Ay, ay, go on, go on.

Theo. To live all the Week in a melancholy Back-room, and on Sunday go to Church with my Husband in a broad Hat, ſtrutting before me, and the Fore-man of the Shop having me in one hand, and a huge Boſs'd Bible, as big as I am, in the other.

La. Lovey. Good Mrs. Diſ-dain make much of them, for I'll aſſure you, you are like to have no other; I'll look to you for Mr. *Raymund* I promiſe you.

Theo. No other! why I had rather marry a Countrey Juſtice, that lives in a Hall-place, two mile from a Town; that's too covetous to keep a Coach, and too jealous to ſuffer me to come to *London*: that makes me riſe by five a clock in the morning to look to my Dairy, and to receive Geeſe and Capons as Bribes to his Worſhip for Juſtice.

La. Lovey. How your Tongue runs?

Theo. Or when I have a Holyday, to have the liberty to walk two mile to fill my Belly with Stew'd Prunes or Raſhers of Bacon at a poor Neighbours-houſe.

La. Lovey. Good Mrs. Nimble Chopps they are fit for your betters.

Theo. Yes, for your Ladyſhip, why don't you chuſe one of them.

La. Lovey. So I would, Mrs. Malepert, had I not vow'd to live a Widdow.

Theo.

Theo. A Widdow, that keeps a Vow againſt Marriage, were a more monſtrous Creature than the Fiſh taken at *Greenwich*.

Enter Bridget.

La. Lovey. How now Sauce Box? Oh *Bridget* where haſt thou been?

Bridg. Oh Madam, I have News for your Ladyſhip, that I hope will not be unpleaſant.

La. Lovey. For me? What is't?

Bridg. From Mr. *Raymund*, Madam.

Theo. How's this?

La. Lovey. From Mr. *Raymund*, alas, what can that be?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell it in your Ladyſhips Ear.

La. Lovey. Nay, nay, pray ſpeak it out ——— well he's an excellent perſon ——— [*Aſide.*

Bridg Madam, he told me, he had an extraordinary paſſion for your Ladyſhip.

Theo. What ſays ſhe? [*Aſide.*

La. Lovey. For me! O my dear *Raymund*, I am ſure I have for thee — What did you ſay *Bridget*, *I* did not mind it?

Bridg. That Mr. *Raymund* had a very great paſſion for your Ladiſhip, and *I* am ſure he loves your Ladyſhip moſt violently.

Theo. Can *I* endure to hear this?

La. Lovey. Me, fie, fie, why ſure he did not tell thee ſo? *I* am tranſported at this happy News ——— [*Aſide.*

Bridg. *I*'ll aſſure your Ladyſhip he did, and but that *I* would not take money to betray your Ladyſhips affections, offer'd me good round Fees, to be his Advocate.

Theo. Perfidious Man!

La. Lovey. *I* told you Gentlewoman he had diſpos'd himſelf in another place.

Theo. But Madam, you are reſolv'd to live a Widdow.

La. Lovey. *I* know not, *I* am as unwilling to marry as any body; but you know where Marriages are made, alas, there's no reſiſting of our Fate. How *I* am o'rjoy'd that *I* ſhall get him from this confident Girl! who would be my Rival.

Enter

Enter Crazy *and* Raymund.

Theo. Here he comes, that I could breath infection on him.

La. Love. Good lack! he's here, and I am not half in order. *Bridget* you have dreſt me ſo careleſly to day.

Craz. Ladies your moſt humble Servant, I make bold to introduce a Friend of mine.

Raym. Prethee peace, I can introduce my ſelf.

La. Love. He is very welcome upon his own account.

Raym. Madam, you infinitely oblige me.

Craz. Dear Madam, I kiſs your fair hands.

Theo. Dear Sir, 'tis very civilly done of you.

Craz. Alas Madam! but I make bold to preſent this worthy Friend of mine.

Raym. Pox o' this Coxcomb——— [*Aſide.*
Madam, I hope you will do me the honour to receive my duty from my ſelf —— ha! what means this [*Turns away from him.*
ſcorn?

La. Love. I knew 'twould vex her to ſee him make his applications to me.

Craz. Prethee *Raymund* do'nt be troubled at her averſion, you know I told you before I was the only perſon in her affection; Faith I was afraid ſhe wou'd uſe you thus.

Raym. Curſe on this Fool, I will find ſome means to put a Ticket I have into her hand, that will try her farther.

La. Love. Sir, My Niece is a fooliſh ill-bred Girle, that knows not how to value a Gentleman; but I hope you will be ſo juſt to me, to believe you are to me moſt welcome.

Raym. If you knew how much I deſir'd to be ſo to you, of all your Sex, I fear I ſhould be leſs.

La. Love. No Sir, I ſhould not be ſo uncivil.

Raym. 'Slife! ſhe comes on faſter than I have occaſion for her. Madam, I beſeech you, Let the violence of my paſſion excuſe me, when I preſume to tell you that I have ſo long ſuffer'd by your Charming Eyes, that I can no longer keep my paſſion in; 'tis now too head-ſtrong for me.

La. Love. Oh, he's a rare perſon ——— [*Aſide.*

Theo.

Theo. This is an affliction which nothing can surpass but the love of this Coxcomb.

Craz. Well! 'tis most evident, she has a passion for me, but who can help it.

Raym. Kill not a young Gentleman at first dash Madam 'tis too inhumane.

La. Love. Sir, I hope you intend nothing but honourable.

Raym. Injure me not to suspect my honour.

La Love. No Sir, by no means. Indeed I heard something of this from my Maid.

Raym. But I am now come to present my heart with my own hands.

La. Love. Sir, If you please, let us retire a little and discourse of this business.

Craz. Madam! I humbly demand your pardon, I perceive your aversion to *Raymund* does disturb you a little, had I known it, I would not have brought him; and yet faith he's a very honest Fellow.

Theo: Do not believe so ill of me', to think any thing can give me a disturbance while you are present.

Craz. Ah Madam, I kiss your fair hands; you are so obliging, really I know not how to deserve it.

Theo. This conceited Ass can never know when he is abus'd.

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. Ladies! Your most obedient humble Footstool, I take the liberty to pay my devoir here.

La. Love. You are welcome, sweet Mr. *Drybob.*

Dryb. Dear sweet Lady, your Vassal couchant. *Raymund*, servant *Raymund.* How now *Crazy?*

Craz. How I despise this Fool?

La. Love. But Sir, what were you saying, these Gentlemen interrupted us.

Theo. I will conceal my resentment, if *Raymund* should perceive it, 'twould make him more insolent.

Dryb. Madam, You see I am a bold man, that dare venture to come within Eye-shot of you. It may be *Crazy* that was not ill

said.

ſaid. But Madam, I would adventure any danger to atchieve a Kiſs of your fair hand. Mind that *Crazy*.

Theod. Sir, you have confer'd a favour on me, that I cannot be worthy of, tho I ſhould ſacrifice all my endeavours to merit it.

Craz. This Coxcomb does not find that ſhe abuſes him.

Dryb. Dear Spark of Beauty, your are very pleaſurable; but I ſwear Madam by the Tip of your Ear, that I love you moſt immaculately, there agen *Crazy* ——— [*Kicks his Shins.*

Craz. Death, this Rogue has murder'd me! Oh my Shins, a Pox of his fine Sayings.

Dryb. And as Hieroglyphick of that affection, I preſent you with his little French Dog to be Servant to your little Bitch.

Craz. What an Employment has he found out to be Pimp to a Bitch. [Theo. *gives the Dog to* Bridget, *who carries him away.*

Theo. Really Sir, it is a Dog of a very elegant compoſure.

Dryb. Admirably well ſaid, I proteſt and vow, Madam, is it not, *Crazy*. I know 'twould take her ſtrangely; but what does this dull Sot hope for, that does not ſay two good things in a day. But I beſeech you, Madam, how does your little Domeſtick Animal your Bitch. Mark that *Crazy*. [*Kicks him.*

Craz. 'Slife can't a man ſtand in quiet for this Raſcal, if he be ſo damnable witty I'll draw upon him.

Theo. Really Sir, the poor Creature, by reaſon of a great Defluxion of Rheum, has ſore Eyes and keeps her Chamber.

Dryb. This Lady has an admirable wit, pox on me Madam, if I am not extreamly afflicted for the indiſpoſition of her body.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. Madam, here's one from Mrs. *Errant* ———

La. Love. Sir, I take my leave of you at preſent, but ſhall wait on you immediately. [*Ex. La. Love.*

Raym. Your humble Servant, this is a happy opportunity. Madam, I beg the honour of you to hear me one word.

Theo. No Sir, I have heard too much already.

Raym. Hah! this anger of hers is no ill ſign.

Craz. Prethee *Raymund*, for my ſake, don't trouble thy ſelf for this; Alas, I told thee this before. That Coxcomb may be allow'd to be abus'd.

Dryb. Raymund, thou ſeeſt this Lady is moſt abſtemiouſly ſqueamiſh, and yet that damn'd dull Fellow *Crazy* does moſt pertinaciouſly careſs her. Poor Sot, I pity him.

Enter La. Loveyouth *and* Bridget.

La. Love. Sir, Iam now return'd, if you pleaſe to the point.

Raym. Pox of all impatient Widdows.

Dryb. Let me ſee, I forgot ſomething I was to ſay of this Dog that was worth Diamonds.

Craz. Madam, This is a very Impertinent Fellow, but I could wiſh we were alone, that we might enjoy our ſelves.

Theo. That were too great a happineſs for me.

Craz. No Madam, you deſerve a great deal more.

Dryb. Oh I have it.

Craz. Now is this Villain going to break a jeſt, and I dare not ſtand near him.

Dryb. Madam, I muſt confeſs the Dog was not born in *France*, but of French parents upon my honour, and is of as ancient a Family, and has as good blood running in his veins (no diſpraiſe) as ere a Dog in *France*. But *Raymund* I'll ſhew the Song I made of this Preſent, that may be is well enough.

Raym. Moſt excellent.

Dryb. Ay is't not brisk, I am aſham'd to give it to my Miſtriſs, prethee do thou.

Raym. With all my heart. Madam, Mr. *Drybob* deſires to preſent this to you. [*Changes it, and puts a Ticket into her hands.*

Theo. He might ha' don't himſelf. [*She views it,* Ha! what's this?

She reads,

MAdam, *The love I make to your Aunt, is onely acted by me, finding I can never come to an opportunity of revealing my paſſion to you, till by pretending love to her I have remov'd all jealouſies*

louſies; you ſee at preſent ſhe watches me ſo narrowly, that I can find no occaſion to tell you how much I honour you, who am entirely yours

Raymund.

Forgive my unjuſt ſuſpicion, this is a happy turn.

Dryb. Come, Madam, I ſee it pleaſes you; if you pleaſe, Madam, pronounce it with an audible voice, that this little Audience may communicate.

La. Love. Ay, do ſo Niece. I have ſeen very pretty things of Mr. *Drybobs*; or if you will I'll read it, give it me.

Theo. Heaven! what ſhall I do?

Raym. Madam, I fear you are not us'd to the hand, give me leave ——— [*Changes it for the Song.*

Theo. But I hope Mr. *Drybob* will be pleas'd to give it breath, and utter it harmoniouſly.

Dryb. My mellodious Pipes are a little obſtructed, but to ſerve you, I will chant it forth incontinently, hem, hem, but Madam, I want a Theorbo to pitch my voice.

La. Love. Will not a Gittar ſerve?

Dryb. It will in ſome meaſure ſupply the defect.

La. Love. Bridget go fetch one ——— [*Ex. and brings a Gittar.*

Dryb. Now *Raymund* obſerve. *Crazy* liſten carefully, Methinks it ſhould break this Fools heart to ſee how kindly I am us'd. ——— Hem, hem.

Sings.

I hope it is your pleaſure
To accept of this Dog for a Treaſure,
From him that loves you beyond all meaſure
Which may myſtically ſhew
What to your Eyes I owe.
That of your affection I have put on the Clog,
And am your moſt humble Servant and Dog.
With a Bow, Wow, Wow, &c.

Ha, how do you like that *Chorus*, faith I think it is very new.

Raym. 'Tis ſo, and in my judgement has as much ſenſe as moſt *Chorus*'s.

Dryb. Is it not very briſk and facetious, hah?

Craz. It is ſo, but in good truth I did not take you for a Dog before.

Dryb. Now for a Reparty to knock down this Coxcomb, with hum —— Death it will not do. Pox on't, I us'd to be more preſent to my ſelf.

Craz. Madam, I beſeech you let's retire from this impertinent Aſs.

Theo. Yes, with a more impertinent one.

Dryb. Now I have it, ha, ha, ha, though I am a Dog, I am not the Son of a Bitch *Crazy*, ha, ha, ha.

Craz. Why Sir, who is? [*Buffles up to him.*

Dryb. Nay Sir, I ſay nothing, Mum is the Italian *tu quoque* word.

Craz. But Sir, let me tell you, if you be a Dog, and not the Son of a Bitch, you are not lawfully begotten.

Dryb. Ha, ha, pox on me, if it be not well ſaid; prethee let me kiſs thee for that. O my Conſcience my Company makes thee witty.

La. Love. Sir, ſince I find you are ſo honourable, if you pleaſe we'll with-draw.

Raym. 'Sdeath I have plung'd my ſelf over head and ears before I was aware on't —— [*Ex. Raym. La. Loveyouth.*

Theo. My Termagant Aunt has no mercy on her Lover.

Craz. Sir, notwithſtanding your mirth, I hope you are ready to give me ſatisfaction for the affront.

Dryb. This dull inſipid Fellow takes a witty reparty for an affront, but I'll bear up to him. Sir, if you talk of ſatisfaction, the world knows I am ready to attend any mans motion in that way.

Theo. Gentlemen, I muſt retire a while.

Craz. I hope I ſhall have the honour to wait on you.

Dryb. Madam I'll wait on you.

Theo. How ſhall I rid my ſelf of theſe Fopps?

Craz. You wait on her?

Dryb. Yes Sir I, for all you Sir. Lord, Sir, you are ſo haſty.

Craz. Do not be impertinent, to intrude upon a Ladies privacy.

Dryb.

Dryb. Peace Coxcomb, peace. Come, Madam, I'll wait on you, I vow this Fop makes me very merry.

Craz. Prethee ſtand by and learn more manners.

Dryb. Alas, Madam, mind him not.

Theo. Farewel Gentlemen ——— [*Ex.*

Craz. Keep back I ſay.

Dryb. Keep you back then, if you go to that. —— [*Exeunt.*

The Third *ACT.*

Enter Crazy *and* Drybob *with their Swords drawn.*

Craz. COme, come, have you made your Will?

Dryb. Yes, yes, don't you trouble your ſelf for that, I have it alwayes ready upon theſe occaſions.

Craz. If you have not, your Eſtate by being unſettled, may come to be divided among the Lawyers, after I have kill'd you.

Dryb. Sweet Mr. *Crazy*, don't think to fright me, for I am a Rhinoceros, if I care any more for you than I do for a Feather of a Shuttlecock.

Craz. This will not fright the Rogue. ——— [*Aſide.*
Under favour I will run you thorow the Lungs immediately.

Dryb. He ſhall not out-huffe me ——— [*Aſide.*
Look you Sir, I am no man to be frighted, though you look as big as a Dutch Trumpeter; and I think that's well enough ſaid too.

Craz. I am no Gentleman, if I do not ſtick you to the ground the firſt Paſs.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Corn-Cutter if I do not rip up your Puddens inſtantly. Death this Rogue looks like a very *Buſſy d' Amboiſ.*

Craz. Come on Sir, have at you —— yet if you will reſign

Theo-

Theodoſia, I care not, if I be contented with a Leg or an Arm; not that I believe you have an intereſt; but for form ſake.

Dryb. Reſign my Miſtriſs! ha, ha, if I ſhould, do you think ſhe would marry a Fellow with a face that looks like a ſqueez'd Turnip; and I think there's a Satyrical Bob upon you.

Craz. I muſt try ſome other way.

Dryb. Why you look already as ſowrely as the Picture of a Stabb'd *Lucrece*. I ſhall break the Rogues heart with theſe Bobs. [Craz. *beats* Dryb. *Sword out of his hand, before he is aware on't.*

Craz. Now Sir, pray quickly.

Dryb. Hold, hold, I cannot pray very well, but I can run as well as moſt men in the Nation, which will ſerve my turn better at this time ——— [*Runs.*

Craz. Are you ſo nimble, I ſhall overtake you; 'Slife this Rogue has run his heats at *New Market* I think ——— [Dryb. *runs round the Stage and* Crazy *after him* ———

Dryb. This is a lucky opportunity: [Craz. *lets fall one of the Swords.*

Enter Mrs. Friske *paſſing ſlowly over the Stage* ——— [Dryb. *takes it up and fights.*

Craz. Hold, hold, I ſay; I'll ſpare your life two minutes, till I wait upon you, Lady.

Dryb. You ſpare my life! I ſcorn your words; but I will in mercy let you take your leave of her; ſince 'tis the laſt time you ſhall ever ſee her.

Frisk. Ah ——— what's here, a Sword drawn ——— [*Skrieks.*

Craz. Be not afraid, Madam *Frisk*, I am fighting with a ſimple fellow here for your honour.

Frisk. For my honour? I was going to Mr. *Brisk*'s Lodging, I'll call him to help you.

Craz. By no means. Dear Madam *Friske* let me kiſs but this fair hand, and that will inſpire me to kill twenty ſuch Raſcals in an Afternoon. ——— But where ſhall *I* have the honour to wait upon you by and by?

Frisk. Put up your Sword then, I will be at my Lodging within a quarter of an hour, and *I* ſhall have never a friend with me.

Dryb. What will you ne't have done there?

Craz.

Craz. Madam, *I* will but run this Fellow thorow the Body a little, and *I*'ll not fail to wait on you.

Dryb. If *I* fall on now *I* ſhall come off with honour, for ſhe'll be ſure to call ſome body to part us. [*Runs at* Crazy.

Friſk. Help, help, Mr. *Briſke.* Oh help, help Mr. *Briſke.*

Craz. Stand your ground you Coxcomb, do you think *I* am bound to fight you by the mile. [*Fight, and* Craz. *drives* Dryb. *back.*

Enter Mr. Briſke *and* Friſke.

Briſk. Where are they?

Friſk. There, *I* dare not ſtay to look on them —— [*Exit.*

Briſk. Hold, hold! What a pox ails you? Hold, hold, you Wits can never agree among your ſelves; you are not ſo ſtrong a Party, that you ſhould need to deſtroy one another: you are fighting here as fiercely as *Guy* of *Warwick* and *Colbrand* the Dane.

Dryb. Faith *Jack Briſke* that's a pretty thought of thine, ha, ha.

Briſk. Put up, for ſhame, put up, and be *Pilades* and *Oreſtes*, what was your quarrel? *I* am afraid you do not underſtand theſe nice points of honour. Let me hear, how was it?

Craz. He had the inſolence obliquely to give me the Name of Son of a Bitch.

Dryb. *I* proteſt and vow he gaue me the ignominious appellation of a Dog, like a damn'd Cynick Phyloſopher.

Briſk. Why look you, here's your miſtake already: Why *I* was call'd Son of a Whore at *Chatolins* laſt night, and what do you think *I* did?

Craz. According to the Laws of honour *I* make no queſtion.

Dryb. P'ſhaw, you underſtand thoſe things no more than a Coſtermonger.

Briſk. Piſh, you are out, you are out! Lord, Lord, To ſee the fauk of mens Education. *I*'ll tell you —— when he call'd me Son of a Whore, *I* ev'n took him up roundly, and told him flat and plain I ſcorn'd his words. Now by this means *I* put this Rogue out of his Road; the Sot knew not what to reply, *I* took ſuch a new way of affronting him.

Craz. This fellow is no better than a Coxcomb.

Dryb.

Dryb. I am the Son of a Squirrel, if this was not mighty pretty and exotick.

Brisk. Ay, was't not, I knew I ſhould vex the heart of him with this affront, and upon my honour it incens'd him ſo devilliſhly, that ha, ha, ha ——— he gave me three as good ſufficient ſubſtantial kicks as a man would wiſh to ſee in a Summers day, ha, ha, ha.

Dryb. But what didſt thou reply to the kicks, *Jack*, ha?

Brisk. Why faith when he kick'd me, I told him very ſmartly, I ſcorn'd ſuch ill-bred Sots from my heart, and that I thought him as much below me as the fellow that cries Tinder-Boxes and Mouſe-Trapps; and then ſung a Corant of *Berkenſhawes* in D-ſol, re, fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. By *Gayland Ben. Buker*, and *Taffaletta*, moſt judiciouſly manag'd.

Brisk. At this he was amaz'd, and ſaid I was a Stoick, but I ſung on, fa la, la, la, which by the way is an excellent Corant, thou ſhalt hear't, fa la, la.

Dryb. In good faith it is a very merry and luſcious Corant.

Brisk. But come, my dear friends, embrace, embrace.

Craz. Sir, under favour, I do no more care for him, than I do for one of your Operators for Teeth.

Dryb. Nor I for you, any more than for one of thoſe obſtreperous wide-mouth'd Rogues that cry Spratts, which I think by the way is another gueſs thought than yours, ha, ha.

Brisk. Come, upon my honour you ſhall embrace; and I will bring you to my Miſtriſs, and we'll have Fiddles and dance too.

Craz. Nay, if there be a Lady in the Caſe I ſubmit.

Dryb. And what care I, no body ſhall bee too hard for me in kindneſs.

Craz. Your Servant, Mr. *Drybob.*

Dryb. Your humble Servant Mr. *Crazy.*

Brisk. So come, let's go to my Miſtriſs, fa la, la, la.

Craz. This was a lucky t'ancounter ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Bridget *and* Sneake.

Bridg. Good Mr. *Sneake*, you will overset me with Learning, you smell so strong of the University.

Sneak. Truly Mrs. *Bridget*, by the interposition of an Opacous distance between those Luminaries your Eyes and my self, I have suffer'd a *Deliquium*, *viz.* an Eclipse.

Bridg. You have not, I deny your Major.

Sneak. I could delucidate this by way of illustration, but I confess Metaphors are not argumentive; but your Eyes I say are like the Birds in the *Hyrcinian Groves*, which by the refulgency of their Wings did guid the wandring Traveller, and enlighten the most Opacous tenebrosity.

Bridg. So much for this time, yonder comes a stranger, we will retire.

Sneak. I am your Servant in any thing within the Sphere of my Activity

Enter Sir Richard Loveyouth *in disguise.*

Bridg. Who's this ——— [*Ex.*

Sneak. You shall have conference with her, I will cause her to approach incontinently.

Sir *Rich.* What Coxcomb have we got here? well this disguise and my long absence will secure me from my Wives knowledge, I am resolv'd to try her farther. 'Tis possible that impertinence, that vanity and frowardness, that made me leave her, by this time may have forsaken her ——— Here she comes. I'll observe her.

Enter La. Loveyouth.

Madam, Are you my Lady *Loveyouth.*

La. Lovey. I am, would you have any thing with me?

Sir *Rich.* I am the unhappy Messenger of ill news to your Ladyship.

La. Lovey. Ill news? What can that be?

Sir *Rich.* Your Husband, Sir *Richard Loveyouth.*

La. Love. My Husband! What of him? I hope he is not living yet.

Sir *Rich.* Madam, He is dead.

La. Lov. Dead! and how dy'd he?

Sir *Rich.* He was kill'd in *Candia* in that fatal Sally made by the French upon the Turks.

La. Lov. Art thou ſure of it?

Sir *Ric.* This is very fine. [*Aſide.*

Madam, I brought off his body, having then the honour to be his Servant, and to confirm what I ſay, behold this Ring of his.

La. Lov. It is ſo; but I will not afflict my ſelf farther, we muſt all die; the grief that was due to his memory, I believing him dead, have paid alteady.

Sir *Rich.* A very ſhort liv'd grief I thank her for't. Ha! I have a way to make diſcoveries of her, that may be cauſe of a Divorce, which Heaven ſend me. Madam, the death of my Maſter has put me out of employment, and if your Ladyſhip has any vacant place, I beg to ſerve you. I will do it faithfully.

La. Lov. You ſpeak very ſeaſonably; for my Gentleman-Uſher dy'd laſt week for love of my Shoemakers Daughter, you ſhall ſucceed him.

Sir *Rich.* A worthy Employment——— [*Aſide.*

Madam, I humbly thank you.

La. Lov. Much good may it do you, and as a beginning of your ſervice, pray go into the next room, and deſire Mr. *Raymund*, a handſom worthy Gentleman, that waits there, to come to me.

Sir *Rich.* I will Madam— A very good beginning— [*Aſide.*

Enter Raymund *and Sir* Richard.

La. Lov. Now Mr. *Raymund* I am aſſur'd of my Husbands death.

Raym. How Madam?

La. Lov. This honeſt fellow, whom I have entertain'd into my ſervice, ſaw him dead. Pray tell him you Sir.

Sir *Rich.* O Devil! what's this?——— [*Aſide.*

'Tis too true Sir.

La. Lov.

La. Lov. And now Sir I take the liberty to tell you I can no longer be refractory to your honourable desires.

Enter Bridget *with a Letter.*

Bridg. Sir, Here's a Letter for you left by a Porter; who said it requir'd no answer and is gone.

Raym. For me, what can it be?

La. Lov. Where's my Niece?

Bridg. In her Chamber, Madam.

La. Lov. If she offers to intrude upon Mr. *Raymund* and my self; tell her we are busie.

Bridg. I will Madam.

La. Lov. And do you hear?

Raym. Shall I believe my Senses?

Reads.

I Cannot but be sensible of the honour you do me in your Professions of kindness to me, and since this Paper cannot blush, I presume to tell you what nothing but the restraint I suffer could force me to; which is, that your person and your passion are esteem'd by

You may trust this Bearer. Theodosia.

Ah my dear *Theodosia.*

Enter Theodosia.

La. Lov. How now Mimx? What makes you sawcily intrude upon Mr. *Raymund* and me?

Theo. A certain curiosity of doing things that are forbidden me.

La. Lov. 'Tis very well; but pray gape not after him. You may if you please call him Uncle: In the mean time get you in.

Raym. Curse on her impertinent Jealousie.
Madam, I have too short a time to tell you how I am transported at your Letter.

Theo. Pray take care, we are ſpy'd; talk with *Bridget*, I am aſſur'd of her faith to me.

La. Lov. Good lack! Niece, you might have ſpoken lowd, Mr. *Raymund* would have truſted me; but pray get you to your Chamber.

Theo. Well Aunt I ſhall be quit with you ——— [*Ex.*

La. Lov. Hark you *Robin.* [*Whiſpers Sir* Rich.

Raym. Mrs. *Bridget*, ſince *Theodoſia* has intruſted you, you muſt not refuſe to bring me privately into her Chamber this Night.

Bridg. I ſhall be glad to ſerve you, but my Lady will diſcover it.

Raym. Let me alone to manage that; I'll diſpoſe of her that ſhe ſhall never know of it.

La. Lov. Mr. *Raymund* I beg your pardon; but if you pleaſe at preſent we will with-draw.

Raym. I'll wait on your Ladyſhip.

Enter Crazy, Brisk, *and* Drybob.

Brisk. Ah Madam! your Ladyſhips humble Servant.

La. Lov. Gentlemen your Servant.

Brisk. Where is your Niece?

La. Lov. I'll ſend her to you ——— [*Ex.* La. Lov. Raym. *and* Btidget.

Brisk. Now, you ſhall ſee my Miſtriſs.

Dryb. This is a very good jeſt i faith, *Crazy*; his Miſtriſs.

Craz. That men ſhould underſtand themſelves no better?

Brisk. Fa, la, la, la, that's an excellent Corant; really I muſt confeſs *Grabu* is a very pretty hopeful man, but *Berkenſhaw* is a rare fellow, give him his due, fa la, la, for he [*Walks about combing his Peruke.*
can teach men to compoſe, that are deaf, dumb, and blind.

Dryb. This is a good, pretty, apiſh, docible fellow; really he might have made a very pretty Barber Surgeon, if he had been put out in time: but it arrides me extreamly, to think how he will be bob'd.

Craz. Yes, yes, he will be bob'd; that men ſhould be ſo miſtaken.

Dryb. Ay, on my Conſcience and Soul the Palat of his Judgement

ment is down; and by the way how do'ſt like that Metaphor or rather *Catachreſis*?

Craz. Oh admirably.

Brisk. Dryboh.

Craz. While theſe Coxcombs are in diſcourſe, I'll privately go in and ſee my Miſtriſs ——— [*Ex.* Craz.

Brisk. Here's a Perriwig, no Flax in the world can be whiter; how delicately it appears by this Colour'd Hanging, and let me adviſe you ever while you live, if you have a fair Peruke, get by a Green or ſome Dark colou'd Hanging or Curtain, if there be one in the Room. Oh it ſets it off admirably.

Dryb. A very Metaphyſical Notion.

Brisk. And be ſure if your Eye-brows be not black, to black 'em ſoundly; ah your Black Eye-brow is your faſhionable Eye-brow. I hate Rogues that wear Eye-brows that are out of Faſhion.

Dryb. By the ſoul of *Greſham* a moſt Phyloſophical Invention.

Brisk. Thou'lt ſcarce believe it, but upon my honour, two Ladies fell in love with me one day at the Kings Play-Houſe, and are in a deſperate condition at this very time, for this Perywig.

Dryb. But why are you ſo cruel?

Brisk. Alas! if I ſhould mind every Lady that falls in love with me, I ſhould have a fine time on't indeed.

Dryb. Stultorum omnia plena! I am the ſpurious iſſue of a Fiſhmonger, if a more conceited Puppy ever preſented himſelf to my Eyes.

Brisk. I had three ſeveral Suits in one year won me three very ingenious, quick-ſpirited, and very pretty merry conceited Ladies as any are within the Walls of *Europe*. You muſt know I do value my ſelf upon my Clothes and the judicious wearing of 'em.

Dryb. Nay certainly you are a moſt compleat and polite Gentleman in the opinion of at leaſt two beſides your ſelf.

Brisk. No, no, but I'll tell thee an honeſt fellow of my acquaintance, by imitating one of my Suits, got himſelf a Widow of 3000 *l.* a year Peny Rent.

Enter

Enter Crazy *and* Theodosia.

Craz. Pray Madam, let me adviſe you, don't run your ſelf into trouble with theſe Puppies, but let us enjoy our ſelves in private.

Theo. Sir, I muſt obey my Aunt, 'tis not for want of Inclination to your ſweet Society, I aſſure you.

Brisk. Ah, my Queen Regent, I ſalute the hem of your Garment.

Theo. I cannot without a bluſh, allow the humility of the addreſs.

Dryb. Thou ſhalt ſee *Crazy* how ſhe'll abuſe him, for I am the Son of a Bum-Bayly if ſhe has not the moſt exuberant and luxurious expreſsions that ever enter'd the concave of this Ear.

Craz. This Fool *Drybob* has no more underſtanding than a Gander.

Brisk. By the Coat of our Family, which is an Aſs Rampant, a very ancient and honourable one, I am ready to venture my life under the Banner of your Beauty; and honour you ſo, that I would, oh 'tis incomparable, 'tis incomprehenſible. ———

Theo. By my Grandfather's Spur-leather, which was in thoſe dayes worn by very honourable Perſons, you oblige me ſo immoderately: That oh ——— 'tis admirable, tis inexpreſsible!

Craz. How I bluſh for this fellow!

Brisk. Come, Madam, let's be frolick, Galliard, and extraordinary brisk, fa, la, la, la.

Theo. Sir, I cannot behold the lines of that face, but I am provok'd to mirth, fa, la, la, la.

Brisk. Look you there *Drybob* and *Crazy*, look ye ———

Craz. Madam, I am ſo interrupted by theſe fellows, that I have not time to tell you that I feed a Flame within, which ſo torments me.

Dryb. Pox on't that's ſtole out of a Play.

Craz. What then, that's lawful; 'tis a ſhifting age for wit, and every body lies upon the Catch.

Brisk. O Madam, where were you, that I miſs'd you laſt Night, at the Park?

Theo.

Theo. Did you ſhine there laſt Night?

Brisk. Madam, I did; for after I had pranc'd before your Window upon my Roan-Nag, in honour to my Love, —— Did you ſee me Madam?

Theo. O Sir, my Eyes met you in your Career, by the ſame token you had a Muskatoon and Piſtols.

Brisk. I had ſo Madam, and my man carry'd a skrew'd Gun, that I bought at *Bruſſels*; for I alwayes love to do thoſe things *en Cavalier*; but thus equipped, I went to take the Air in the Park, and immediately all the Ladies and Perſons of Quality left the Tour and came about me, and were moſt incomparably pleas'd with the faſhion; ſo that *I* am reſolv'd next time to go with Back, Breaſt, and Head-Piece. [*Floriſh.*

Theo. Moſt accutely imagin'd.

Brisk. But hark you Madam, yonder are my Fiddles: I beſpoke 'em, and pray let me have the honour to dance with you; it may be you will like my manner well enough.

Dryb. But we want Women.

Craz. I'll ſupply that, Madam, immediately.

Brisk. Prethee do, and make haſte *Crazy*.

Craz. Now will *I* be reveng'd upon *Briske*, and bring his own Strumpet hither. —— [*Ex* Crazy.

Enter Lady Loveyouth *and* Raymund.

Raym. You muſt not deny me this Evening ſome private Conference with you.

La. Lov. But how ſhall I keep it from the knowledge of my Niece.

Raym. I'll tell you, Madam, If you pleaſe to walk in the Garden, I'll come in at the Back-door and wait on you there, where we will confer about our mutual happineſs.

La. Lov. I will not fail ——

Brisk. My honourable Aunt that ſhall be, I adore your Shoe-ſtrings.

La. Lov. O Lord Sir, your Servant. Come on *Mr. Raymund*, let's hear you break a jeſt, and put theſe two Wits out of Countenance.

Theo.

Theo. Methinks Mr. *Drybob* is a notable man.

Brisk. Ay, Madam, as far as Inns of Court breeding; but alas, we are above those things.

Raym. Are you above Inns of Court breeding?

Brisk. Yes, that I am Sir, what's that to you?

Raym. Why it is not six Moneths since you us'd to keep Company with none but Clerks, and call for your Three-pence in Beef at *Hercules Pillars* or the *Harrow* in *Chancery-Lane*; where the whole Company us'd to fall out about the dividing of Three-halfpence: when every Night you us'd to drink Ale and put Law Cases as long as you could see.

Brisk. You are merry Sir.

Dryb. And where you us'd ———

Raym. Nor is it five Moneths since I saw you strut most Majestically in the Hall and inveagle a third man at Six-penny In and In, and by the help of a dozen men, chastize one poor Topper or Palmer; where I have seen you most magnanimously assist at the pumping of a Bawd, or the washing and trimming of a Baily.

Dryb. Where I have seen you? ——

Brisk. Is this your breeding?

Dryb. A pox on't a man cannot speak for you.

Brisk. But Sir, I'd have you know I was as well esteem'd there as any man that ever eat Loyns of Mutton dry-rosted yet, and danc'd as well at the Revels too.

Dryb. I have seen you there, how you ——

Brisk. And let me tell you that at *Christmass*, when we were to have had a Prince, I was as fair for preferment as any man there.

Dryb. Yes, and I can tell you ——

Brisk. But the Government, by reason of some civil dissentions, fell that *Christmass* to a Common-wealth; but alas I am above these things.

Dryb. Above 'em! —— I'll tell you ——

Raym. Why this to me?

Dryb. Pox of these uncivil fellows, they won't let a man break a jest among 'em; and Madam, I am the Son of a Baboon, if stoppage of Wit be not as great a pain to me as stoppage of Urine.

Raym.

Raym. Have not I seen you within these three Moneths lolling out of *Mundens* with a Glass of Windy-Bottle-Ale in one hand and a Pipe of *Mundungus* in the other; and one of a brisk gay humor, drinking to Passengers in the Street.

Brisk. 'Tis well Sir, I hope you will give me satisfaction for these affronts?

Raym. Yes, as much as you dare ask.

Brisk. Then blood will ensue.

Enter Crazy *and* Friske.

Craz. Madam, here is one Lady.

Brisk. Death this Rogue has undone me! *Friske* here! *Theodosia* will for ever disown me ——.

Raym. What's the matter *Briske?* are you Planet struck. *Crazy*, I could hugge thee for this.

La. Lov. We need your assistance in a Dance, Madam.

Frisk. Your Servant sweet Madam; Lord, Mr. *Brisk*, you need not be so strange.

Brisk. Ah Cosin your Servant.

Theo. Is she your Cosin Sir?

Frisk. Mr. *Brisk* is none of my Cosin, I assure your Ladyship; is my Servant, nay perhaps there is a little nearer relation betwixt us.

Theo. How's this Sir?

Brisk. 'Slife, this She Devil will ruin me! Alas, Madam, she's merry, she drolls; but come let's dance and put these things out of our heads. Come in Minnim and Crotchet and segue your Violins away, fa, la, la, la.

Enter Mrs. *Striker.*

Craz. O Heaven! who's here, I am undone. [*He goes to thrust her away.*

Brisk. This is a Revenge beyond my expectation, stand by *Crazy*; whither do you put the Lady? Come in Mrs. *Striker*; here's a Mistriss of *Crazy*'s will serve to make up the number of Dancers, Madam.

Craz. Prethee begone, if thou lov'st me.

Striker. Come *Mr. Crazy*, this won't pass upon me. Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant —— [*To* Theod.

Raym. Bear up *Crazy*, you know she's a Person of Honour.

Craz. Come Fiddles strike up, pray Madam, let's dance. [*They Dance.*

Brisk. Now Sir, I hope you are ready to give me satisfaction.

Raym. I am Sir.

Brisk. Follow me then Ladies, I have an inexorable business calls me away at present —— Servant, your Servant.

Raym. Ladies, I'll wait on you again instantly; Mrs. *Bridget* prethee forget not what I said to you, we shall have excellent sport. [*Ex.* Raym.

Bridg. I warrant you I'll do't Sir.

La. Love. Now he's gone, I'll retire; Ladies and Gentlemen your Servant —— [*Ex*

Frisk. Come, Madam, why does not your Ladyship frequent the Mulberry Garden, other: I vow we had the pleasant'st Divertisement there last night. [*Craz. whispers*

Strik. Ay, I was there, Madam *Frisk*, and Bridget, the Garden was very full; Madam, of Gentlemen and Ladies that made love together till Twelve a clock at Night, the prettyly'st: I vow 'twould do ones heart good to see them.

Theo. Why that's a time for Cats to make love in, not Men and Women.

Frisk Well Madam, there was a Lord, that shall be nameless, would needs come and proffer his service to me;

Strik. I know who that was; alas, he'll do that to any body, Madam *Friske.*

Frisk. Lord, you are so troubl'd, I warrant you, Madam *Striker.*

Dryb. to Bridg. But art thou sure thy Mistriss loves me?

Bridg. Why she cannot rest for you.

Dryb. But she's so pester'd with these Fools *Brisk* and *Crazy*, that I can have no time to caress her.

Bridg. I'll tell you a way to get privately into her Chamber this Night.

Frisk But Madam, this Lord took me by the hand and kiss'd it, and told me it was as sweet as Roses and as soft as Jelly of Quinces.

Theo.

Theo. Or he might have ſaid as ſweet as Frankincence or as ſoft as the Pappe of an Apple.

Strik. Alas, Madam, that's nothing; I aſſure your Ladyſhip, he has ſaid the ſame thing to me twenty times.

Frisk. For my part, Madam *Striker*, I do not think you know him. ——

Strik. Lord, Madam *Friske*, you are alwayes detracting from one, I am ſure I ſaw him laſt Night, and he told me, Madam, he honour'd the ground I trod upon, and made me abundance of the rareſt Compemens, and I ſaid a number of the pretty'ſt things to him; if I could remember, I'd tell 'em your Ladyſhip, you ſhou'd be judge of them, Madam.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* accept of this little Preſent, I'll not fail to do it —— Ladies I have an exorbitant affair cauſes me at preſent to beſtow my abſence upon you, but I'll be ſure not to fail you —— [*Ex.*

Theo. What means this fooliſh fellow?

Bridg. Pray Mr. *Crazy* let me beg a word with you. [*Whiſper.*

Frisk. I'll tell you, Madam, now ſhe talks thus, there was another Perſon of Quality came to me, and told me I was a pretty Nymph, and he was a Satyr, and invited me to drink a Bottle of Rheniſh and Sugar, and I proteſt and vow he would not drink one drop, till I had dipt my Finger in the Glaſs.

Theo. It ſeems he lov'd to drink with a Toſt ——

Strik. Piſh! that's nothing, I aſſure you a Perſon of Quality, that treated me, would not drink a drop of Wine, till I had waſh'd my hands in the Glaſs, now ſhe talks of that, hah.

Theo. What ridiculous vain Wenches are theſe?

Frisk. Piſh! mind her not Madam, but I vow, now ſhe puts me in mind on't, a Gentleman t'other day play'd the Wagg with me, and would needs pull my Shoe off my Foot and drink it full of Wine; upon my word he did now.

Craz. to *Bridg.* Faith, as thou ſay'ſt, I believe ſhe loves me; but why would ſhe not tell me this her ſelf?

Bridg. She had no opportunity, but ſhe charg'd me to deſire you to come in at her Window this Night as I tell you.

Craz. And upon my honour I'll do't, wer't as high as *Pauls*. Ladies, my occaſions invite me hence, and I ſhall be glad to wait on you.

Strik. Madam, I humbly covet the honour of your further acquaintance.

Frisk. I hope your Ladyſhip will not deny me that honour.

Frisk and *Strik.* Your humble Servant, Madam.

Theo. Your humble Servant, Ladies.

Craz. Madam, I'll not fail you upon my honour. ——— [*Ex.*

Theo. What means this fellow? *Bridget*, what trick have you put upon theſe two Coxcombs, that they both tell me they will not fail me.

Bridg. Madam, Mr. *Raymund* deſigns this Night privately to wait on you, and that he may not be interrupted, has appointed my Lady to wait for him in the Garden; and I to get rid of this brace of Widgeons, have appointed each of 'em to get in at your Window by Ladders privately this Night.

Theo. How then ſhall I ſee *Raymund* in my Chamber without diſcovery?

Bridg. Madam, I have appointed them to come to a wrong Window, but were it the right Window, they being to come both at one time, would diſappoint one another.

Theo. That's not unpleaſant, we may have good ſport. 'Tis poſsible they may be taken by the Watch, and apprehendded for Houſe-breakers; but come along with me. —— [*Ex. Ambo.*

The Fourth ACT.

Enter Raymund *and* Briske *in a Tavern.*

Raym. COme out Sir, and fight, if you have a maw to't: I am ready, I thought you would have brought me into the Field, and you bring me into a Tavern.

Brisk. Nay prethee dear Rogue, le'ts ſtay a little and debate the buſineſs over a Bottle of Wine firſt: Look you, here's to you.

Raym.

Raym. Muſt I ſtay, till by the ſtrength of Terſe Claret, you have whet your ſelf into courage?

Brisk. But look you, dear *Raymund*, the Caſe is this ——

Raym. No more words, I am ready.

Brisk. Now I think on't better, we muſt adjourn the Combate, for 'tis grown dark and we cannot ſee to kill one another.

Raym. Come I warrant you we can ſee one anothers Bodies, and that's enough.

Brisk. Ay, but I have ſworn never to fight, but when I can ſee to parrie.

Raym. I'll take away that objection; here are Candles in the Room, and I'll bolt the Door, that no Drawer ſhall come to part us.

Brisk. Fie *Raymund*, is that like men of honour, fight in a Tavern? why 'tis like the Bullies man.

Raym. None of your fooliſh punctilio's here, draw.

Brisk. Well, ha, ha, ha, I have conſider'd on't, and Gad thou art a very honeſt fel'ow, I have that affection for thee, that the Devil take me if I fight with thee.

Raym. Why did you call me out then?

Brisk. Come, pox on't, put up; I muſt confeſs I have raſhly embarqu'd my ſelf in a moſt prejudicial affair, but thou art a man of honour, and I will not fight with thee.

Raym. Are you not a Coward?

Brisk. Ha, ha, honeſt *Raymund*, thou art a very merry fellow, I'll give thee leave to ſay what thou wilt.

Raym. I need not ask the queſtion.

Brisk. Well faith, I will not fight with thee, ſay what thou wilt, but upon my honour I'll give thee this Diamond Ring and my Roan Nag, if thou'lt oblige me in one thing.

Raym. In what can that be?

Brisk. You know my Miſtriſs will think I ought in honour to fight; and if you will do me the favour to make her believe you fought with me, I'll tell her you diſarm'd me, and by this means I ſhall ſave honour, and you will get it; and for ever oblige me.

Raym. Faith I had beſt take 'em for ſport ſake, though I return 'em again. —— [*Aſide.*

Brisk.

Brisk. Prethee, dear *Raymund* do; I'll do as much for thee upon my honour.

Raym. Would you have a Gentleman lie for you?

Brisk. Why I'll lie for you agen man, when you will; what do you talk of that?

Raym. Not I Sir.

Brisk. Let me see, I have thought upon a way to save that; look you, we'll fight a little in jeſt; and I'll let you diſarm me. Here, prethee take the Ring, and do't; and I'll ſend for my Roan Nag immediately.

Raym. Come ſir, to oblige you I will, Draw then. ——

Brisk. Honeſt *Raymund*, I am thy dear Servant. ——

Raym. Come on, come, have at you ——

Brisk. Hold hold man —— hold ——

Raym. What's the matter?

Brisk. How ſhall I be ſure you won't fight in earneſt?

Raym. I give my word for't.

Brisk. But Gad now I think on't, I won't truſt you, if you would give me your Bond; I don't know how the Devil may tempt you: Beſides, who knows, but your foot may ſlip, and you may run me thorow the Body.

Raym. What an immoderate Coward is this?

Brisk. Faith, thou had'ſt as good tell her ſo without this Experiment!

Raym. But there muſt appear ſome ſigns of fighting, or ſhe'll not believe it.

Brisk. Why I'll tear my Band and my Shirt, and run my ſelf thorow the Coat.

Raym. But there muſt be ſome ſign of blood.

Brisk. Pox on't, how ſhall we contrive that?

Raym. Why take your Sword, and run your ſelf thorow the Arm.

Brisk. Thank you for that i'faith, I have known men have dy'd of that.

Raym. Fie, Fie! 'tis nothing; I'll do't my ſelf then.

Brisk. Hold, hold, 'Slife you may prick an Artery and bleed to death, and then I ſhall be hang'd for that.

Raym. That's well thought on! O incomparable Coward!

Brisk.

Brisk. 'Twill do as well if my Shirt be bloody at the hand, and I'll venture to prick my fingar for that; and to run thorow my Coat.

Raym. Well, as you will; but do't as you go along.

Brisk. Dear *Raymund* kiss me, you have oblig'd me so, that I am a Son of a Scavenger, if I die without issue, I'll make you my Heir: but if you love me, not a word of all this.

Raym. I warrant you. Drawer to pay.

Brisk. Prethee, by no means, Gad I'll treat thee dear Rogue; 'tis all mine. Come on, dear *Raymund*, let's go ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crazy *with a Ladder.*

Craz. This is the Window Mrs *Bridget* appointed to get in at, so now for my Climbing. ——— [*Sets down the Ladder.* How I shall laugh at my two foolish Rivals *Brisk* and *Drybob* poor Puppies, that they could not find all this while how *Theodosia* abuses them.

Enter Drybob *with a Ladder.*

Dryb. This is the Window, my expectation is on Tiptoes, as *I* may so say, but let me fix my portable pair of Stairs. [*Sets it upon* Crazy.

Craz. Heaven! what will become of me? This is some Villain coming to commit Burglary.

Dryb. Pox take me, if I know what is the matter; it cannot be the Wall that yields thus.

Craz. 'Slife if it should be a Thief, he'll cut my Throat, least I should discover him; what shall *I* do?

Dryb. Well, let what will come on't, though *I* precipitate my fate, *I* will storm this inchanted Castle.

Craz. Who e'r he be, *I* am sure *I*'ll not suffer him to come up; if he be a mortal man, *I*'ll try if he has a Neck to spare, for *I* am resolv'd to break one for him ——— [*Turns the Ladder.*

Dryb. 'Slife! what's this, am I to be turn'd off and executed for Love felony before my time? what can this mean? I have got no hurt yet: it may be 'twas the corner of the Balcony I set my Lad-

der

der againſt: I'll make one experiment more: ſo now, 'tis faſt. [*Goes up a little.*

Craz. Theodoſia, Theodoſia, open your Window.

Dryb. The Ladder ſtands very faſt now, I will once more enterprize this honourable action, though *Belzebub* himſelf ſtood in my way —— *Theodoſia* open your Window, 'tis I my Dear.

Craz. Death, what will become of me, this muſt be the Devil, a Man would have broke his Neck.
O Heaven! yonder is a Light coming towards us. I ſhall be ruin'd if I don't ſhift for my ſelf.

Dryb If I be diſcover'd by yon *Ignis fatuus* or Lanthorn, I ſhall be undone for ever, I muſt try to make an eſcape.

Enter Raymund *and* Briſk, Boy *with a Light and Fiddles; and beat them as they come down the Ladder.*

Briſk. Come on my dear Friend, ſtrike up my Men of Noiſe, How now! what's here? Thieves with Ladders at my Miſtriſſes Window, I'll maul 'em.

Raym. How now Villains —— *Bridget* has done this admirably. [*They beat them off.*

Briſk. 'Slife *Raymund*, if I had not come, I might have loſt my Miſtriſs out of this Window; for on my Conſcience theſe Rogues came with a felonious intention: but come let's in and give 'em an account of it: and Fiddles make way for us.

Raym. Come on: But how ſhall I get rid of this Fool, I muſt think of ſome way.

Enter Bridget *with a Candle.*

Bridg. O Gentlemen! what's the cauſe of this uproar?

Briſk. Oh, Mrs. *Bridget*, I have made bold to beat a couple of Raſcals, that were going to commit Felony, without the benefit of the Clergy; but I'll go and wait upon my Miſtriſs — [*Ex.*

Raym. Oh, Mrs. *Bridget*, 'twas *Crazy* and *Drybob*, our Plot is ſpoil'd; I ſhall be diverted by them from ſeeing my Miſtriſs.

Bridg. No, no, let me alone, I'll diſpoſe of 'em another way.

Raym. Adieu —— [*Ex.* Raym.

Enter

Enter Crazy *from behind the Door.*

Craz. Oh I am beaten, bruis'd, and lam'd ſo, that I had rather have been twice flux'd than have endur'd it; my bones are as looſe as the Skeletons in the Phyſick School: Oh my Head and Shoulders! Mrs. *Bridget* I kiſs your hands, and reſt your humble Servant *Crazy*.

Bridg. Sir, I find you are defeated by ſome ill accident or other, but I'll put you in another way to be ſecure. The Lady *Theodoſia* is in that paſſion for you, that I fear ſhe will diſcover her ſelf.

Craz. Poor heart! I know ſhe loves me; but I hope ſhe will be ſo diſcreet as to conceal her paſſion; but here was another with a Ladder climbing up to the Window, or I had got in.

Bridg. Another! that's impoſsible; but leaſt you ſhould be ſuſpected, take away your Ladder, and ſet it againſt the Garden Wall, and I will appoint your Miſtriſs to receive you there; if you will venture to come over to her; and there ſhall be a Parſon ready to joyn you in the Banqueting-houſe: make haſte, leaſt you be ſurpriz'd, and come to us inſtantly.

Craz. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* take this, I flie, I flie.—— [*Ex. with a Ladder.*

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. O Mrs. *Bridget*! Are you there? I have been beaten more ſeverely than ever Turk was by *Tamberlain*; which by the way is no ill compariſon, hah?

Bridg. I have heard ſo; but take up your Ladder and be gone, and lay it down on the back-ſide of the houſe and come to us preſently, and I will deſign an eaſier aſsignation for you; haſte, leſt you be diſcover'd.

Dryb. Dear Mrs. *Bridget* take this Ring, I'll be with you inſtantly. [*Ex. with the Ladder.*

Bridg. Go your wayes you brace of Baboons, and be ſtill the ſubject of all Farces——. [*Ex. Bridget.*

Enter Raymund, Briske, La. Loveyouth, Theodosia, Bridget.

La. Lov. Is it possible! Thieves coming in at my Window! Heaven! how I tremble!

Bridg. Truly Madam, they were as sufficiently beaten as your Ladyship can wish.

Theo. That's some revenge for the trouble their impertinence has given me, but I am afraid these Coxcombs will hinder Mr. *Raymunds* Visit.

Bridg. Fear not that, Madam.

Raym. Be not apprehensive Madam, for the Rascals are too well satisfi'd for their pains to attempt any more.

Enter Crazy, *and after* Drybob.

Craz. Ladies and Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

Dryb. Dear friends, your Slave; I am in one word the Enemy to all your Foes.

Brisk. Oh are you here! I'll tell you as I was coming in to give my Mistriss a Serenade, a couple of Felonious Rascals were with two Ladders climbing in at a Window of the House; but I think I have so bruis'd the Dogs, they'l scarce be fit for climbing this Week agen.

Craz. A plague on't, I feel it in my bones, but I must dissemble it.

Dryb. Pox on them, the Rogues laid on as if they had been threshing for Twelve Pence a day.

Craz. But is it possible?

Brisk. Yes, I assure you as this Blade doth testifie.

Dryb. Why, what impudent Rogues were these *Crazy*?

Craz. Death, that I must be forc'd to call my self so. — [*Aside.* If I had been there I would have mall'd the Villains.

Dryb. For my part I don't wish I had been there, for my extraordinary passion would have made me had the blood of the Rogues; that's certain. — O pox of their heavy hands.

Raym.

Raym. He has been fighting, Madam, that's the truth on't; pray take notice on't.

Brisk. I wonder, *Raymund*, no body takes notice of my torn Band, my bloody Sleeve, and my Coat being run thorow, I think they are all blind.

La. Lov. Good lack, Mr. *Brisk*, you are bloody and your Band's torn.

Brisk. Ha! bloody say you?

Raym. Pray hold up the humor, Madam.

Theo. I proteſt, Sir, you fright me, what dangers have you run your ſelf into?

Brisk. Alas, Madam, this is nothing, a trifle, a trifle.

Bridg. Your Coat's run through, you have been fighting.

Brisk. My Coat run through! where, where? ha, ha, 'tis ſo.

Dryb. A pox on him this damn'd Bully *Heildibrand* was fleſh'd, and would needs ſhew his Valour upon my Shoulders.

La. Lov. Are you wounded Sir?

Brisk. 'Pſhaw Madam, this, alas, alas, I beſeech you take no notice of this; 'pſhaw, a ſlight thing, a toy, ſa, la, la, la.

Bridg. Shall I go for a Surgeon?

Brisk. No, I thank you, he'd diſcover the trick on't; no, no, by no means; alas, you make ſo much on't: I am us'd to theſe things; 'pſhaw, this is nothing: Pray call in the Fiddles, come, come; let us be very merry, ſa, la, la, la.

Theo. Sweet Mr. *Briske* do me the favour to tell me the occaſion of this?

Brisk. Nothing, nothing, Madam, alas, alas, ——

La. Lov. Aſſure your ſelf I'll not fail to wait for you in the Garden.

Raym. I hope your Ladyſhip doubts not me.

Brisk. Faith Madam, if you will needs have it, I made bold to call Mr. *Raymund* to an account for ſome words that paſſed before you; and upon my honour, Madam, he's a very gallant fellow.

Raym. Nay, I beſeech you Mr. *Brisk*.

Brisk. Nay, Gad it ſhall all out, he fought like Thunder and Lightning, and I muſt confeſs it was my fortune to be diſarm'd, Madam; but I hope I loſt no honour, ſince 'twas by ſo brave a

fellow, whom for his generosity I embrace. Dear Friend, you have oblig'd me for ever. Come Fiddles strike up, I have provided a very honest fellow to dance. [*A Jig is danc'd.*

Raym. Madam, I'll not fail to wait on you, your humble Servant. ——— [*Ex.*

Dryb. Madam, I hope you will be punctual.

Theo. Trust me Sir.

Dryb. Adieu to all. ——— [*Ex.*

Craz. Madam, I'll instantly go and prepare to wait on you, you'l not fail.

Theo. I shall not be so injurious to my self.

Craz. I humbly kiss your hands. Madam, your Ladyships most obedient Servant. ——— [*Ex.*

La. Lov. Good night, sweet Mr. *Crazy*; Mr. *Brisk*, I pray be pleas'd to favor me with your absence.

Theo. 'Pray do, and get a Surgeon to dress you, and to morrow I shall be ready to receive a Visit.

Brisk. Ladies your Servant, Servant, Ladies, fa la, la, la. ——— [*Exit* Brisk.

La. Lov. Pray Gentlewoman go up into your Chamber.

Theo. Madam, I'll obey. ———

La. Lov. Be sure you do. ——— [*Ex.* La. Lov. *and* Bridg.

Theo. Go thy ways, my dear Aunt, and meditate on what thou'lt ne'r enjoy —— If my Uncle, after all this report of his being kill'd, should appear agen, when she has, as she thinks, made sure of another Husband, it would be no ill Farce.

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Now, now, my Incomparable *Theodosia*,
I am blest with the opportunity I have so long sought for to cast my self at your feet, and to tell you, that it belongs to you to make my life for ever happy or miserable.

Theo. You may with justice enough accuse me of levity, in so suddenly granting it; but I hope you have so much honour, to impute my easiness somewhat to the slavery I suffer, though I have no disesteem of you.

Raym.

Raym. Madam, It is so much to my advantage, that I shall never enquire the Cause, only let me beg of you, since our fortune is like to allow us so few of those opportunities, that we may make what use we can of this.

Theo. I have so absolute a confidence in your honour, that I yield to your conduct in this affair, and desire nothing more than to be redeem'd from the foolish Tyranny of my Aunt.

Enter Bridget.

Bridg. I have left my Lady in the Garden, most impatiently expecting you Mr. *Raymund.* But pray Madam, if you love me, retire into your Chamber, lest any of the Servants should unluckily see you, and inform your Aunt.

Theo. 'Tis no ill advice.

Raym. But how have you dispos'd of *Drybob* and *Crazy*.

Bridg. O they are safe enough, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter La. Loveyouth *in the Garden.*

La. Lov. Sure the passion he has for me, will not suffer him to stay long, the Story of Thieves at my Window, has put me into such a fright, that nothing but Love could engage me to walk here alone.

Enter Crazy *looking over the Wall.*

Craz. The Coast is clear on this side, if my Mistris be but in the Garden, I am safe —— My Dear.

La. Lov. Here I am.

Craz. Now I come, wer't as high as *Grantham* Steeple! Death I have broke both my Shins: I am murder'd: Oh I see these leaps are not for men that have flux'd thrice.

La. Lov. How Mr. *Raymund*! Have you hurt your self?

Craz. Did you expect *Raymund* here? I am not he.

Enter

Enter Drybob *looking over the Wall.*

Dryb. Now for my leap of honour. [*Noise crying Thieves.*

La. Lov. Oh Heaven! Thieves, thieves, help, help.

Craz. Death what do *I* here?

Dryb. Thieves! *I* shall be apprehended for a House-breaker.

Craz. Where shall *I* hide my self? *I* would not be discover'd for the World.

Dryb. *I* am astonish'd like the Head of a Gorgon; what shall *I* do to abscond a little, *I* shall be apprehended for a Thief else.

Craz. 'Tis very dark, where shall *I* hide my self?

Dryb. What Devilish mistake is this? Pox o'this damn'd post, *I* am sure *I* had like to get a most Diabolical fall with running against it. [*They run against one another.*

Craz. Death what was that I run against, what an unfortunate fellow am I, to be thus disappointed, just as I thought to have been sure of my Mistriss? but my comfort is, I know she loves me.

Dryb. What a Devilliſh Catastrophe is this? — [*Groping lites upon his hand.*

Craz. O horrid! sure this House is haunted, which way can I scape?

Dryb. If this be the Devil that touch'd me, I don't like his slie Tricks to fright a man thus; would he would be as civil as the *Wiltshire* Devil was: and beat a Drum, to give a man notice where he is, that I might avoid him, unless he were better company.

Craz. What's here? her amazement hath made her leave open the Door of the House, I'll in there, there's more safety yet than here ——— [*Goes in.*

Dryb. Ha, I saw one enter at that Door, I'll follow and apprehend him; and his attachment will secure me. ——— [*Ex.*

Enter Crazy.

Craz. What Door is this? I'll e'en hide my self here till this bustle be over.

Enter

Enter Drybob.

Noiſe within. Lights here, follow, follow.

Dryb. If *I* could but conceal my ſelf till they are paſt, I might eaſily inſinuate my ſelf into *Theodoſia*'s Chamber. What's here? This *I* believe leads into the Cellar, I will deſcend and lie in Ambuſh there. ——— [*Ex:*

Enter Servants *with Torches, Spits, and Fireforks,* *Mr.* Sneake *and Sir* Richard.

1. *Serv.* Come, now we have muſter'd up our forces, let's into the Garden.

Sir *Rich.* Ay, come let's ſee who this Devil is my Lady ſpeaks of; we ſhall find more than one I believe.

2. *Serv.* I believe we ſhall find them to be Thieves.

1. *Serv.* If it be the Devil, Mr. Parſon, we'll turn you looſe to him, you take pay to fight againſt him; we are but Volunteers.

Sneak. If he dares approach, I will conquer him ſyllogiſtically in Mood and figure, and conjure him down with

Barbara Celarent Darii, Ferioque Daraptì.
Ceſare, Cameſtres, &c.

2. *Serv.* Hold, hold, 'ſlife this is the way to raiſe him:

1. *Serv.* I think your beſt way is to take the great Bible in the Hall, and fling at his head; that will knock him down certainly.

Sir *Rich.* Come, let's in quickly, if they be Thieves, they'l eſcape elſe. ———

1 *Serv.* The Cellar Door is open, if there be any body there, we'll lock it and ſecure 'em ——— [*Ex.*

Enter Bridget *with a Candle.*

Bridg. How unlucky is this! this has marr'd all our deſign; my Lady has found Mr. *Raymund* and her Niece, we are undone beyond redemption.

Enter La. Loveyouth, Raymund, *and* Theodosia.

La. Lov. False and ungrateful man, did I for this, so soon bestow upon you my too credulous heart, so early to betray me; O unheard of Villany.

Raym. Madam, pray hear me.

La. Lov. No, thou vile treacherous man, I will hear no more, Hast thou the impu'ence to excuse it! O heaven! I am lost for ever. But for you, you most abominable Creature, to undermine me thus: Take leave of liberty, hence forwards your Chamber shall be your Prison, till I have dispos'd of you to another Person, I assure you.

Theo. Then Madam, you force me to declare my self sooner than my Modesty would give me leave; this Gentleman is mine while *I* have breath; nothing but death shall part us.

Raym. And Madam, that minute that *I* am false to you, may all the plagues that e'r afflicted yet mankind fall on me.

La. Lov. In what a miserable condition am *I*? but Mr. *Raymund* *I* cannot believe this, sure this is some enterlude.

Raym. Madam, it is a truth *I'll* die for, though Madam, *I* am oblig'd to beg your Ladyships pardon for making you a property.

La. Lov. O impudence! Come Mistris into your Chamber quickly, *I'll* be your Keeper.

Raym. Madam, we will be pris'ners together.

La. Lov. Out of my Doors, you Villain, or *I* will have those that shall chastise your insolence with death.

Raym. Madam, *I* have n t so mean a soul, to be frighted from protecting my Mistris.

Theo. Sir, Let me entreat you to leave me, and assure your self we will not long be separated.

Raym. But Madam, 'twill be dang'rous to leave you to her fury.

Theo. Sir, Let me beg you will not dispute it further, but be gone; if you should make more noise in this business, it might call my honour in question.

Raym. Madam, *I* must obey, and *I* have a way to free you instantly, 'tis this.

La. Lov.

La. Lov. Away, no more discourses. — [*Ex.* La. Loveyouth
Raym. Well, a desperate disease must *and* Theodosia.
have a desperate Cure; Mrs. *Bridget* I have a way this moment to secure my Mistriss.

Bridg. O Sir, I am in that fright for you.

La. Lov. within. *Bridget* come up quickly.

Bridg. O Sir, I am call'd I must away.

Raym. I have not time to tell you; but desire *Theodesia*, whatever happens not to be frighted, I'll about it instantly.

Enter Servants, *Sir* Richard, Sneak. ——

1. *Serv.* My Lady was frighted with nothing.

2. *Serv.* If any body had been there, the Walls are so high on the inside, they could not have 'scap'd.

1. *Serv.* Ha, here's one, seize him.

Raym. Seize me, you Rascals; have [*They fight, and* Raym.
at you. *beats 'em off.*

Sneak. Nay, now you are in Combat, I'll leave you — [*Exit:*

2. *Serv.* This a Thief, I am sure he fights like a Devil.

Sir *Rich.* 'Tis Mr. *Raymund*, did you not know him.

1. *Serv.* A pox on him, was't he? but let's to my Lady, and give her an account. —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crazy *and* Drybob *in the Cellar.*

Craz. I hear a bustling here about the Cellar that frights me horribly! This is a most unfortunate night.

Dryb. O that I were out of this Hellish Place! if ever I had to do with Love and Honour more, would I were an Eunuch in the Turks *Seraglio*. —— Oh Heaven, who's that there?

Craz. 'Tis a man by his asking that Question, and may be one of the House.

Dryb. Who are you in the Name of Wonder? O how I dissolve!

Craz. I am the Devil.

Dryb. The Devil! oh he's come to fetch me away for my whoring and my drinking.

Craz. Mortal, thou art my due.

Dryb. That may be, but he's a damn'd impatient Devil to dun before his day.

Craz. Come into my Arms.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Craz. O Heaven, what ſhall we do?

Dryb. 'Slife fire! Oh Heaven! how ſhall we get out?

Craz groping. Which is the way out? The Door's lock'd, what ſhall I do? They'll not mind us if we call; we ſhall be burnt.

Dryb. What are you a Devil, and afraid of your own Element? Methinks a Devil out of the Fire ſhould be like a Fiſh out of the Water.

Within. Fire, fire, fire.

Both. Help, help here, fire, murder, help.

Enter Servants *above.*

1. *Serv.* What noiſe was that below?

Both. Help, help.

2. *Serv.* Oh ho, have we caught you? They are the Thieves.

1. *Serv.* That's well, ſtay there; you Dogs, if the Houſe be burnt, I'll aſſure you, you ſhall burn with it.

Craz. O help, help, 'tis *Crazy.*

Dryb. *Crazy*! a Curſe on you for frighting me; help, 'tis I *Drybob.*

Craz. We'll ſee if we can get out at the Window. Well this is a judgment upon me for acting the Devil. ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants *running up and down.*

1. *Serv.* More hands, water quickly, and we ſhall quench it inſtantly.

2. *Serv.* 'Tis ſtrange how the Coach-Houſe ſhou'd be fir'd. —

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Raymund *and* Theodosia.

Theo. This was an excellent Stratagem, Sir, and with little or no danger.

Raym. Come Madam, while your Aunt is seeing the fire quench'd on the back-side, let us escape at the fore-door. ——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter La. Loveyouth, Bridget, *Sir* Richard, Sneak, *and* Servants.

La. Lov. So, Heaven be thanked, all danger's past; How could this fire happen? This has been a night of wonder.

Sneak. I will dilucidate it to you, you saw a Spirit in the Garden, Madam?

La. Lov. I did, I think, to my great astonishment; I have not yet recover'd the fright.

Sneak. Look you, Madam, These Philosophers aver, that all Spirits are transported through the Air in their several and respective Vehicles; now this was infernal, and had a Bituminous Vehicle, which by a violent Motion against the Coach-House, as it were by Collision, did generate this Flame, which had like to have caus'd this Conflagration.

Sir *Rich.* A pox o' this Fustian Rascal.

Bridg. Come Madam, it must be some Thieves design to rifle your house.

1. *Serv.* We have some of the Thieves safe in the Cellar, they shall suffer for it.

La. Lov. In the Cellar, fetch 'em up quickly; by them we may discover something. Go see where my Niece is *Bridget.*

[*Ex.* Bridget.

2. *Serv.* Come along you Rascals.

Enter Servants *haling* Crazy *and* Drybob.

1. *Serv.* Come out you Sons of Bitches.

La. Lov. Who are these Mr. *Crazy* and Mr. *Drybob*? this is as strange as all the rest.

Craz. Madam, I kiſs your fair hands.

Dryb. Piſh, that's a vile old phraſe. I am an humble Servant of your Footmans.

La. Lov. Sure this is inchantment! How came you two in the Cellar?

Enter Bridget.

Dryb. Madam, I will moſt expeditiouſly inform you.

La. Lov. How now, where's my Niece?

Bridg. Madam, She's gone! fled away! I have been in every Room of the Houſe and cannot find her.

Sir *Rich.* Gone! What can this mean?

La. Lov. Gone! I am undone! Ruin'd for ever! What ſhall I do?

Sir *Rich.* She undone! Oh invincible impudence!

Dryb. What imports this tranſport of yours, Madam?

La. Lov. You and I and all of us are abus'd! betray'd! this falſe Wretch, this baſe Villain *Raymund*, has ſtol'n away my Niece.

Sir *Rich.* I ſee *Raymund* is a man of honour. This pleaſes me.

Craz. Madam, Do not fear that, to my knowledge there is a perſon in the world, ſhe is more than half engag'd to. No, no, ſhe cares not for *Raymund*, take that from me.

L. Lov. Flatter not your ſelf, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Dryb. Raymund! I'll aſſure you Madam, ſhe us'd to ſimper more favourably upon me than upon any man, and gad if the truth were known, ſhe thinks me all the Nine Worthies, compar'd to him.

La. Lov. Come Gentlemen, Let's in and hear the Story, while I ſend for a Warrant to ſearch for my Niece; I'll have her dead or alive. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

The Fifth *ACT.*

Enter La. Loveyouth, Bridget, *and Sir* Richard.

La. Lov. NO News of either *Raymund* or *Theodosia?*

Sr *Rich.* All possible search has been made after 'em both last night and this morning, and they are neither to be found.

La. Lov. How am I confounded with this disaster; yet I have it in my head to be reveng'd on 'em both.

Sir *Rich.* Your Ladyship was too credulous to trust him so soon.

La. Lov. And *Robin*, he's a dirty person thus to desert me; but I'll be quit with him, and that Jig-em-bob my Niece.

Bridg. How Madam?

La. Lov. Why, I will immediately settle my Estate, to which she is Heir, for want of lawful Issue of my Body, on my Cosin *Richard*, and to plague *Raymund* I will marry another; for I am resolved to play at a small game rather than stand out.

Sir *Rich.* Oh unparallel'd impudence! I'll try her further: Madam, What think you of Mr. *Crazy*, he is no unfit man for a Husband?

La. Lov. Why really I believe he is a good natur'd Person and a Child of Honour, the softness and gentleness of his Amorous Nature is admirable; but do you think he will have any sprinklings of affection for me.

Sir *Rich.* 'Sdeath! what do I hear?

Bridg. Sprinklings, Madam? He will have a whole Flood of Love for you.

La. Lov. Why truly, he is a pretty hopeful man, and I have no aversion to, but rather a concern for him; you shall see, *Bridget*, I am

am a Woman eaſie to command my paſsions; but in the mean time ſend for a Scrivener, and bid him bring a Blank Conveyance with him: for though I do reſolve to make Mr. *Crazy* my Huſband, yet I will diſpoſe of my Eſtate, as prudent Widdows are wont to do.

Sir *Rich.* 'Slife! now 'tis time to appear! I ſhall be finely us'd elſe by this Villainous Woman. I'll into the Town and prepare for't.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Crazy* is coming to wait on you.

La. Lov. Tell him I am retir'd. *Bridget*, I'll leave thee to ſound him as to point of this Concern. ——— [*Ex.*

Bridg. This is pleaſant, I'll obſerve him.

Enter Crazy, *ſtumbles and falls.*

Craz. Murder, murder. O Heaven! what ſhall I do? I have hurt my ſelf juſt upon the Shin-bone, that was exfoliated: I have ſpoil'd my Arm: I fell juſt upon that part of my Arm, where is a Callous Node upon the *Periofium.*

Bridg. What's the matter Sir?

Craz. I have hurt my ſelf a little with the fall; beſides I am in a little diſorder for the loſs of *Theodoſia*; ſure ſome baſe fellow has forc'd her hence; for I am ſure ſhe lov'd me moſt extreamly. 'Sdeath I have ſpilt my Bottle of Diet-drink in my Pocket, and ſpoil'd all my Almonds and Raiſins.

Bridg. Flatter not your ſelf, Mr. *Crazy*; ſhe loves you not.

Craz. Prethee do not put this upon me; ha, ha, ha. I am ſure no man had thoſe favourable ſmiles from her that I received. Oh! that twinge.

Bridg. Come, the truth is, Sir, ſhe is fled away with Mr. *Raymund.*

Craz. Lord, Mrs. *Bridget!* all this won't do; as if I did not know when a Woman loves me?

Bridg. You may pleaſe to ſlight it; but to my knowledge ſhe is marry'd to Mr. *Raymund.*

Craz.

Craz. Is it true?

Bridg. Too true for you. ——

Craz. I am ruin'd beyond redemption, I am for ever disappointed both of Love and Money.

Bridg. There is another person in the world that's worth your Love, and has a Fortune equal to *Theodosia*.

Craz. Dear Soul, thou do'st eternally oblige me! but prethee who is't? Oh, oh, prethee tell me.

Bridg. My Lady *Loveyouth*.

Craz. Ha, ha, ha, well really she is a fine person, and I am extreamly deceiv'd, if she has not a violent and most predominant passion for me.

Bridg. Sir, You are not deceiv'd.

Craz. I think not —— I would forgive a Woman that can deceive me in that point. —— But where is she?

Bridg. In her Chamber, where I am sure you would be no unwelcome person.

Craz. This is very lucky, by this means I shall be fully reveng'd for the most perfidious Apostacy of *Theodosia*, and with this ample fortune patch up my own ruinous condition.

Bridg. No more, Sir, but go to my Lady while she is in this humor.

Craz. I am happy beyond expression in your Friendship; alas, I know this poor thing loves me dearly; and gad she shall be no loser by it: I will go immediately and kiss my Ladies hand; but in the mean time receive this little piece of my gratitude.

Bridg. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Craz. Sweet, dear Rogue, I kiss thy pretty hand. —— [*Ex.*

Enter Drybob.

Dryb. How now?
Is the stray Lady return'd home?

Bridg. No Sir, there's no news of her?

Dryb. I am the unlawful Off-spring of a Jugler, if ever man of honour encounter'd such a Crocodile; and yet let me not live, if she had not the most pretty harmonious strain of wit with her that ever tempted a judicious Ear.

Bridg.

Bridg. But she is false —— she is false.

Dryb. Really I begin to conjecture it, yet she has so many predominant perfections with her, which I did adore; that I can scarce invite this into my belief: Invite it —— 'faith that's well enough too.

Bridg. 'Tis too true.

Dryb. Well she is gone, adieu to her; yet really she had the prettiest Figures and the choicest Phrases in her ordinary Conferences: there are not better in *Pharamond*, or *Cleopatra*.

Bridg. I am glad to see you so indifferent.

Dryb. Not so indifferent: Gad I admire the sharpness of her Ingenuity ——— But I'll tell thee the truth *I* have sent my man to a little *Rosicrucian* or *Star-gazer*; to enquire of my Star how she comes thus to start from her Sphere: Start from her Sphere, that is well now; that is well.

Bridg. And when will he return?

Dryb. *I* expect him at every pulse of my Watch; and by the way is not that pretily said —— hum —— But *I* hope *I* shall recover her, and yet if *I* lose her, *I* am a brave Catcher if *I* have not as many Mistresses as *I* can turn my self too: Faith *I* have abundance of Ladies that would think themselves happy to enjoy me: but *I* cannot be in all places at once: yet in good faith *I* wish my self an Ubiquitary for their Love, as *I* am an honest man.

Within. Bridget.

Bridg. *I* am calld, adieu Sir. ——— [*Ex. Bridget.*

Enter Mr. Briske.

Brisk. How now! What's the News? Has *Raymund* stole away *Theodosia* —— ha.

Dryb. Ay pox on him, he, or some damn'd Robber as bad as he, that *I* fear by this time have committed Burglary upon her Body.

Brisk. And shall *I* be thus cheated of my Mistriss?

Dryb. Your Mistriss —— ha, ha, ha, you speak as freely of her as if you were acquainted ever since the Deluge with her.

Brisk. Why, had you any pretence to her?

Dryb.

Dryb. Yes Sir, that *I* had, and perhaps no man receiv'd larger teſtimonies of her innate affection.

Brisk. Oh impudence! why ſure you don't pretend to be a man fit for Ladies Converſation! What Charms have you to attract 'em? Ha, ha, ha, you ——

Dryb. What Charms quoth he? Is any man in *Europe* more notorious among Ladies, or valu'd for his pregnant parts, than *Drybob*? My manner of ſpeaking, if it were nothing elſe, is enough to intoxicate Ladies affections. No Orator in Chriſtendom adorns his Language with thoſe Flowers that I do, or is inrich'd with more plentiful Diſcourſe. ——

Brisk. Ad autre Monſieur ad autre.

Dryb. Ne'r tell me Sir, The Ladies of the Town are ſo exorbitantly pleas'd with my manner of ſpeaking, that I have been often ſet upon a Table to ſpeak *extempore* to a whole Room full, and have raviſh'd 'em all for half an hour together, and this I have got by Univerſity Learning and Travelling.

Brisk. Fiddle, faddle on your Travelling and Univerſity.

Dryb. Ha, ha, ha, I proteſt you make me ſmile.

Brisk. You talk of Ladies, I am a man that ſtill flouriſh in the Spring of all the Faſhions, and in ſuch variety that upon my honour 'tis not a fortnight ſince the publiſhing of my laſt new Suit.

Dryb. Publiſhing! Pox o'this Rogue! how came he to lite upon that prety expreſſion. —— [*Aſide.*

Brisk. You viſit Ladies! Gad I ſpend more money in a year to keep my ſelf ſweet, than thy revenue comes to.

Dryb. I am the Son of a *Lancaſhire* Witch, if thou art not an errant ſtinking Fellow then; but what do ſuch people ſignifie but to maintain Fools, Whores, Mercers, Barbers, and Fidlers.

Brisk. Look you Sir, I care not a farthing for your frumps; what can you do? I can ſing or walk a *Corant* with any man in *Europe*, fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. As I hope ever to live to eat Woodcocks, this is a moſt ſtupendious Baboon. Pſhaw, what d'ee talk of this? Can you break a Jeſt or make a Reperté to render your ſelf acceptable to Perſons? That ought to be the buſineſs of all Gentlemen, to take all opportunities of ſhewing their parts and complying with Company.

Brisk. Break Jests! Pshaw, no man in *Europe* better; but I have other wayes to catch Ladies. Look you no man appears better upon a Bench in the Play-House, when I stand up to expose my person between the Acts; I take out my Comb, and with a *bonne mien combe* my Perriwig to the tune the Fiddles play: thus, look you, fa, la, la, la.

Dryb. 'Pshaw, I bear my self at another rate; I sit in judgement upon Playes with my Hat thus; with a brow winckl'd like a wither'd Pear-mayne; which Gad is a very pretty thought, take notice of that: but by this posture am I become more dreadful to the Poets and Players then, —— What, let me see, pox on't, hum. This is the first time I ever wanted a smile in my life.

Enter La. Loveyouth *and* Crazy ——

Craz. Madam, I am transported with your favours.

La. Lov. Why in earnest, Sir, I take you for a Person of Generosity, and I cannot but comply with your honourable affections.

Craz. Madam, I humbly kiss your foot, I will immediately go and prepare for the perfection of my happiness.

La. Lov. Why truly Sir, it is something too sudden and temerarious, but you have so absolute an Ascendant over me, that I cannot signifie any thing as to point of Repulse.

Craz. I make bold to take my leave for some few moments.

Enter Raymund *in disguise and* Bridget.

La. Lov. Have you brought a Deed with you?

Raym. Yes Madam, such a one as will fit you to a hair.

La. Lov. Let us in and read it. — [*Ex.* La. Lov. *and* Raym.

Brisk. Pox on't Mrs. *Bridget*, thou know'st well enough what's become of *Theodosia*, prethee tell me.

Bridg. Well, to you I must confess I do, since she gave me commission to do it; and Sir, the report of Mr. *Raymund*'s stealing her is false: she still preserves her love to you, you are the man she resolves to live and die with.

Brisk. Dear Rogue bring me to her; faith I was amaz'd to think she should leave me, and betray her self to *Raymund*, a fellow that

that never wore a noble and polite Garniture or a white Periwig; one that has not a Bit of Intereſt at *Chatolins*, or ever eat a good Fricacy, Sup, or Roguſt, in his life; but prethee bring me to her.

Bridg. Go immediately to your Lodging, you ſhall hear from me.

Brisk. Adieu, Servant *Drybob.*

Dryb. Pray will you oblige my underſtanding, to reveal to it this Myſtery.

Bridg. 'Tis all for you, in ſhort *Theodoſia* has employ'd me to tell you, that to avoid the importunity of *Crazy* and *Briske*, ſhe fled away, but for you ſhe has ſtill the ſame honour and eſteem which you deſerve.

Dryb. In good faith this thought was no ſtranger to my imagination.

Bridg. I have ſent him away, that he might not pry into our actions. Hark, my Lady is coming; go inſtantly and walk in the Piaza, I will ſend to you ſuddenly.

Dryb. I will, I will——— [*Ex.* Dryb.

Bridg. I have a plot in this miſchievous head of mine, if it takes, ſhall prove no ill farce.

Enter La. Loveyouth *and* Raymund.

La. Lov. What are the Gentlemen gone?
Pray call a Servant or two to be witneſſes of this Deed of Gift of all my Eſtate to my Coſin *Richard* after my deceaſe.

Bridg. Yes, Madam.——— [*Ex.*

Raym. Remember Mrs. *Bridget.*

La. Lov. Now I ſhall fit *Theodoſia* for a puniſhment for all her villany, by this Deed, ſhall I not?

Raym. Yes, Madam,——— better than you imagine.

Enter Servant *and* Bridget.

La. Lov. Oh are you come, Come, are you ready?

Raym. I will put on the Wax, Madam, here's a Deed will match it, and ready fill'd up to my purpoſe; I have chang'd it without diſcovery.——— Come Madam. [*She ſets her hand to it.*

LaLov. I declare this as my Act and Deed. Come witneſs it. So, —— here *Bridget* take my Key and lock it up.

Bridg. Yes, it ſhall be kept ſafe. —— from you I aſſure you. —— [*Aſide.*

La. Lov. There's for your pains; do's that content you? [*Ex.*

Raym. Yes, Madam, I am contented. —— [*Ex.* La. Lov. Or all the world can never make me ſo, to have obtain'd my *Theodoſia*, is a happineſs ſo great, that I could think of nothing beyond that; nor ſhould I have done this, had it not been for her: for I in her have all I e'r would aim at.

Bridget *returns.*

Bridg. There Sir, there's the Deed.

Raym. Dear Mrs. *Bridget*, you have oblig'd me beyond a Recompence.

Bridg. Now you are marry'd to her and have the Writing, pray let the Lady *Theodoſia* come hither inſtantly, I have more Irons in the Fire, and need her aſsiſtance.

Raym. 'Tis well, I'll not fail to tell her —— [*Ex.* Raym.

Enter Sneake.

Sneak. Now, dear Madam *Bridget*, Let our Flames incorporate, and by the Myſterious Union of a Conjugal Knot, beyond the Gordian, too ſtrong for the *Macedonian* Steel to reſcind.

Bridg. Shall I never learn to underſtand you, pray help me to a *Clavis.*

Sneak. The meaning of it is I would make you my Spouſe.

Bridg. What? would you loſe your Fellowſhip?

Sneak. I would to that, as they ſay — *Nuncium remittere*; for I am preſented to a Benefice worth ſix on't.

Bridg. You have reaſon, I ſhall deny you nothing that's reaſonable, upon condition you will do one thing for me.

Sneak. 'Tis very well, I ſhall not deny it.

Poſt varios Caſus poſt tot diſcrimina rerum.
Tendimus in Latium ——

Bridg.

Bridg. You must first marry Mr. *Brisk* and Mr. *Drybob* as I shall direct you, but the Ladies will not be known, therefore you must marry 'em in Vizor Masks.

Sneak. I will, since you command, make no hæsitation or dilatory scruple.

Bridg. Pray be gone, I see one coming I must speak with; well, this Plot if it takes, will produce no unpleasant effects. Oh Madam! [*Ex.* Sneake.

Enter Theodosia.

I am heartily glad your Plot succeeded so well.

Theo. Dear *Bridget* I owe a great deal of it to thee.

Bridg. I am happy that I could serve you; but now I have a design of my own, in which I beg your Ladyships assistance.

Theo. You may be assur'd of that, what is it?

Bridg. I have perswaded each of the Coxcombs *Briske* and *Drybob*, that you fled to reserve your self for him; and each has so good an opinion of himself, that I found it no hard matter.

Theo. What can this produce to your advantage?

Bridg. Madam, I'll tell you.

Enter Striker *and* Friske. ——

Frisk. Good lack, Madam *Striker*, who thought to have seen you here?

Strik. Why, Madam *Friske*? I hope I may be as welcome here as you can.

Frisk. I do not know that neither.

Strik. Madam, your Ladyships most obedient Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyships most affectionate Servant.

Frisk. Madam, your Ladyships most obliged Servant.

Theo. Madam, your Ladyships most faithful and devoted Servant.

Strik. Madam, I have weighty occasion invites me to kiss your Ladyships hands this Forenoon.

Frisk. And I one of no less consequence, I assure your Ladyship.

Theo.

Theo. I hope your Ladyſhips will do me the honour to pronounce both your occaſions.

Strik. } Madam, Mine is.
Frisk. }

Strik. I wonder you have no more breeding than to interrupt one.

Frisk. Marry come up Mrs. *Habberdaſher*! Do you think my Breeding inferiour to yours? I am ſure I was bred at a very pretty dancing School hard by, and you talk of that.

Strik. Good Mrs. Gigg-em-bob! your breeding, ha, ha, I am ſure my husband marry'd me from *Hackney* School, where there was a number of Subſtantial Citizens Daughters; your Breeding——

Frisk. Good Mrs. Gill-flirts we live in a fine age, if a little Paltry Citizens Wife ſhall compare her ſelf with a Perſon of my Qua'ity, ifaith.

Strik. Thy Quality Mrs. Kick-up——

Theo. Nay; pray Ladies! Pray keep the peace. Come, have but a little patience, and I will give Audience to both; but no more contention, I am in haſte Mrs. *Striker.*

Strik. Madam, I have done; and my buſineſs is this: I proteſt I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you; but it muſt out: Mr. *Crazy* has long ſince engag'd his heart to me and I mine to him, and therefore I think, Madam, your Ladyſhip ought not to encou rage the falſhood of any Ladies Servant, to liſten to any proffers of affection from him.

Theo. Why, you are marry'd! Your Servant.

Strik. Ay, ay, by that time your Ladyſhip has been marry'd a year or two, you'll ſoon find the neceſsity of a Gallant as well as I; beſides my husband's in a Conſumption, heaven be prais'd, he cannot live long.

Theo. Madam, upon my word I will not rob you of your Jewel, I freely reſign him to you.

Frisk. What! will you never have done? Madam, Does your Ladyſhip know that Mr. *Briske* is my Servant.

Theo. Yes, yes, and know (and know what you would have) and I have found out a way to get you marry'd to this Servant too, or to another as good.

Frisk.

Frisk. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip; indeed I had rather have another, for beſides variety in the Caſe, I ſhall be then at once provided with a Husband and a Gallant.

Theo. Pray take this Key, and go up two pair of Stairs to a Chamber on your left hand and ſtay there till further order. I warrant you, I'll pleaſe you; but at preſent you muſt leave me: Be gone.

Strik. Madam, I humbly take my leave of your Ladyſhip, your Servant. ——

Frisk. Your Servant Madam, I am gone. —— [*To* Theo.

Theo. Your Ladyſhips humble Servant, I'll to my Chamber *Bridget*, and I'll warrant thee to effect thy deſign.

Strik. Why ſure you han't the confidence to take place of me, have you Mrs. Whirliwigg.

Frisk. Prethee Puſſe be quiet, *I* know what I do.

Strik. Avoid you Strumpet, I am the Mother of Children.

Frisk. Then ſtay there thou grave Matron. —— [*Ex.*

Strik. She has got it, well I was never ſo affronted in my life, I could tear her heart out: I'll be reveng'd if I live— [*Ex.* Striker.

Theo. Stay, here! I'll ſend for the brace of Oaſs.

Bridg. I will, Madam ——

Enter Crazy, Parſon, *and* Footman.

Craz. Sweet Mrs. *Bridget* I am thy moſt obliged Servant, I have found out Mr. *Sneake* and brought him here along with me, to compleat my happineſs in joyning me to your Lady; and upon my honour the whole remainder of my life and love ſhall be at thy ſervice.

Bridg. I am glad it was in my power to oblige my Lady in ſo fine a Perſon.

Craz. Not ſo neither, yet I will be bold to ſay ſhe will not be altogether unhappy in a Husband. Boy, I had forgot, go home, and bring me a Bottle of my Dyet-Drink, or I ſhall eat no Dinner to day. Come Sir —— [*Ex.* Craz. *and* Sneak.

Enter

Enter Raymund.

Raym. Where's my dear *Theodosia*?

Bridg. She'll instantly be here; now Sir I have time to wish you all happiness.

Raym. I thank you, but 'tis a superfluous wish, I have it all already; nothing is yet behind but to make peace with my Lady *Loveyouth*, whom I really have used ill; and to reward your kindness, in earnest of which, you must receive this small present.

Bridg. Sir, I am already too well rewarded, the honour of serving you carries that along with it.

Raym. You are too kind; but what possibilities is there of reconciling me to your Lady.

Bridg. She is now pretty well appeas'd, and has made choice of another for a Husband.

Enter Theodosia.

Raym. Who's that?
My dearest *Theodosia*, *I* am so happy in thy love, that 'tis beyond the power of Fortune to oblige me more; *I* can now look down on those *I* once have envy'd, and scorn all pleasures in the world but thee.

Theo. *I* can sooner distrust my self than your honour, and cannot but be very easie to believe what *I* like so well; though my own want of merit would perswade me to the contrary.

Raym. *I* find the wisest have still less knowledge of themselves than of others; or you would value more what all men do; your Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, are so admirable, that Nature could have added nothing to you; nor is there one Charm in all the rest of your Sex, that can one moment divide my thoughts from you.

Theo. I have so great a belief in your constancy and truth, your words can ne'r confirm me more; therefore let us leave this, and think of some attonement to my Aunt: for my part I know none better than helping her to another for a Husband if we can:

for

for she longs more for one, than a Son and Heir of one and twenty does for the death of his Father.

Bridg. Madam, She does not want that, for she and Mr. *Crazy* have resolv'd, he to be reveng'd of you, and she to be reveng'd of Mr. *Raymund*, to couple in the Bonds of Wedlock.

Theo. 'Tis pity to forbid the Banes.

Raym. To *Crazy*! what has she a mind to practise Physick and Surgery.

Enter Drybob *and* Briske.

Theo. O! yonder comes *Drybob* and *Briske*. Pray Mr. *Raymund* avoid the room, and enter not till I give you your cue ——— [*Ex.* Raymund.

Brisk. I am come, Madam, according to appointment, and understand your resolutions are to live and die with *Jack Briske*.

Theo. I will no longer conceal my affections! I am so ill us'd by my Aunt, that if you think fit, I will immediately consent to be your Wife; Mr. *Sneake* shall do it for us.

Brisk. How am I exalted! Dear Madam, let it be instantly.

Theo. But I must hide my face, or he'll discover me to my Aunt, and we may be prevented for this time.

Brisk. 'Slife, I have thought on't, you shall put on a Vizor Mask.

Dryb. What! will you engross the Ladies Ear?

Theo. Pray go and expect me suddenly.

Brisk. Farewel *Drybob*, ha, ha, ha! poor sneaking fellow. [*Ex.*

Theo. Mr. *Drybob* I will not blush to own my affection to you.

Dryb. I hope, Madam, you need not.

Enter Sir Richard.

Theo. Yonder comes one I must speak with, pray go with *Bridget*; I have entrusted her with the rest: I will be with you suddenly.

Dryb. Come, my Dear *Bridget*, I flie as quick as thought.

Ex. Drybob *and* Bridget.

Sir *Rich.* Madam I beseech you where's my Lady?

Theo. Oh she's marry'd to *Crazy* since I saw you; she has made quick dispatch I assure you.

Sir *Rich.* 'SDeath and Hell marry'd! Is this truth, Madam?

Theo. Ay Sir, but what's the Cause that makes you so concern'd at it?

Sir *Rich.* Have I not reason? Do you know this face? [*Pulls off*

Theo. O Heaven! my Uncle Sir *Rich. Loveyouth.* [*his disguise.*

Sir *Rich.* Cease your wonder Niece, you see the Story of my death was feign'd.

Theo. My dear Uncle! I am infinitely happy to see you once more in this place. This was a happy change.

Sir *Rich.* Niece I rejoyce no less to see thee; thou art improv'd in beauty since I saw thee: but this abominable Woman I for ever banish from my thoughts.

Theo. But pray Sir, what made you keep your disguise so long after your return?

Sir *Rich.* I'll tell you Niece, but hold I hear some coming hither; I'll with-draw and acquaint you with it.

Theo. Come Sir, and I'll bring you to one that will be glad to see you ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crazy, La. Loveyouth, *and two* Servants.

Craz. Now, my dear Lady, I am happy beyond my wishes.

La. Lov. Sir, I beseech you be not the worse opinionated of me, for your easie Conquest; for I have long had an inclination for you.

Enter Sneak, Drybob *and* Friske, Briske *and* Bridget.
(Friske *and* Bridget *masked.*)

How now? whom have we here?

Brisk. Madam! your Servant, ha, ha, ha, you little think where *Theodosia* is?

La. Lov. Name her not, vile Creature, to run away with *Raymond.*

Dryb.

Dryb. No, no, she did not run away with him. With *Raymund* quoth she? no, no.

Brisk. What does this Fool mean? ha, ha, ha.

La. Lov. Not marry'd to *Raymund*! how unlucky is this? that I should fool my self into marrying this fellow; I might yet have captivated Mr. *Raymund*.

Sneak. Gentlemen, are you both satisfi'd with your marriage?

Dryb. Ay, ay.

Brisk. Ay, ay. Come, my dear *Theodosia*, unmask your self, and keep 'em no longer in suspence.

Bridg. Sir, I obey you. ——— [*She unmasks.*

Brisk. 'SDeath and Hell! Who's this? *Bridget*!

All. *Bridget* ——— ha, ha, ha.

Sneak. *O tempora! O mores!* Would you serve me thus? I shall not live to endure it, I shall suddenly expire, and Ἐὺς θανοντος γαῖε μιθήτω πῦρι.

Dryb. Now *Briske*, thou hast marry'd the Chamber-maid, I'll prefer thee; I told thee the Mistriss was for my turn: Prethee my dear unmask, ha! Who's this?

Frisk. Even as you see Sir ——— [Friske *unmaskes.*

Dryb. Death, Fire brands, Devils Damnation,! What's this!

Brisk. My old Mistriss! Prethee *Dryhob* be patient, thou wilt have a Son and Heir of mine shortly; and prethee for my sake take care and see him well educated.

Craz. How now Gentlemen, are you bob'd?

Enter Raymund *and* Theodosia.

Raym. Madam, We are come to beg your approbation of our Marriage; I humbly beg your pardon for the irregular means I us'd: Pray Madam turn not from us, but give us your consent; since 'tis now too late to prevent it.

La. Lov. Avoid my presence thou impudent fellow, I'll have thee kick'd.

Enter Mrs. Striker *and whiſpers Mrs.* Bridget.

Craz. Poor fellows, methinks you look as ſcurvily as if you were mounting the Pillory with Papers on your backs.

Strik. Marry'd ſay you? Ah falſe man! have you us'd me thus? Did I for this yield up my honour to you, and you promis'd me to marry me after the death of my Husband; who is in a deep Conſumption! Ah villainous man! I will have thee kick'd and beaten.

Raym. Drybob, Tell him his Wife has made over all her Eſtate.

Dryb. Yet this condition of mine is as good as marrying a Widdow that has made over her Eſtate, as you have done.

Craz. Is this true, Madam?

La. Lov. I muſt confeſs I did it to defeat my ungracious Niece of her inheritance.

Dryb. } Give you joy good Mr. *Crazy*.
Brisk. }

Raym. Madam, your Ladyſhip is miſtaken, it is a Deed of Gift of all your Eſtate, after your deceaſe, to *Theodoſia*: I have it here.

Theo. Madam, I thank your Ladyſhip: I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve it.

La Lov. Am I thus cozen'd and abus'd?

Craz. 'Tis I am cozen'd and abus'd.

Strik. Go thy ways thou vile man, thou art ſerv'd right for thy falſhood to me.

Craz. I'll be reveng'd of her. —————— [*Aſide.*
I muſt tell you, Madam, you are not leſs diſappointed than I am; for I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs I am very much viſited with the Pox

Dryb. Pox on him for a Raſcal; viſited is a very pretty word there i'faith.

La. Lov. O Heaven! I am undone for ever; this is a moſt unſpeakable diſappointment to a Lady! O miſerable unfortunate Woman that I am.

Enter

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir *Rich.* What's the matter Madam?

La. Lov. Oh I have just now cast my self upon that diseas'd impotent fellow, that walking Hospital *Crazy.*

Sir *Rich.* Now, Madam, d'e wish your other Husband alive in *Candia?*

La. Lov. No, not so neither; but would I were as fair rid of this Husband, as I was of him.

Sir *Rich.* So! I am beholding to her! [*Aside.*
I have a way to rid you of this Husband.

La. Lov. If you have, you shall command my person and my purse.

Sir *Rich.* And you shall know that I'll command 'em both. [*Discovers himself.*

Omn. Sir *Richard Loveyouth* alive!

La. Lov. O Heaven! I am ruin'd for ever, there is now no dissembling! all my misfortunes are compleated now.

Craz. I am glad you are come to take your Wife agen.

Sir *Rich.* Fond Woman, thy foolishness and vanity, and thy impertinent contentions with me, caus'd my three years absence; and shall make me still continue a stranger to your Conversation: yet you shall never want what e'r befits your Quality: upon the rest of all the Company let no Cloud appear to day.

Brisk. You are a happy man *Crazy.*

Dryb. You have had ill luck with honest Women, *Crazy*, you had e'n as good stick to Whores.

Craz. I have had worse luck with them I am sure, yet this is better than marrying a Chamber-maid, or Wench big with Child, Gentlemen.

Sir *Rich.* Sir, I am a stranger to your repute, and think my self much honoured in the relation I have to you.

Raym. Sir, The honour is wholly on my side.

Sir *Rich.* Come Gentlemen, I am inform'd of all your Stories, and 'tis wisdom in you to be content, with what you can't redress.

Sir *Rich,*

Sir *Rich.* I shall ne'r have Children, I therefore here declare my Niece my Heir.

Theo. Sir, I can return nothing but my thanks.

Sir *Rich.* This day, Sir, I dedicate to my fair Niece and you.

Raym. You do me too much honour.

Sir *Rich.* Come Gentlemen and Ladies, Let's be merry, we'll have Musick, we'll begin this days jollity with a Dance.

Craz. Sweet Madam *Striker*, receive me into your favour, for upon my honour, tho' I marry'd her, I intended to reserve the whole stock of my affection for thee.

Strik. Get thee gone, thou wicked fellow, I will have none of thee; thou hast declar'd thou hast the Disease: Get thee gone, I tell thee I will have thee kick'd.

Sir *Rich.* Come Gentlemen, joyn in a Dance. [*Dance.*

So, 'tis well.

All happiness to both, and may you be,
From discontents of Marriage ever free;
May all your life be one continued peace,
And may your Loves each day and hour encrease.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Epi-

Epilogue.

THe Mighty Prince of Poets, learned BEN,
Who alone div'd into the Minds of Men:
Saw all their wandrings, all their follies knew,
And all their vain fantastick passions drew.
In Images so lively and so true;
That there each Humorist himself might view.
Yet onely lash'd the Errors of the Times,
And ne'r expos'd the Persons, but the Crimes:
And never car'd for private frowns, when he
Did but chastise publick iniquitie.
He fear'd no Pimp, no Pick-pocket, or Drab;
He fear'd no Bravo, nor no Ruffian's Stab.
'Twas he alone true Humors understood,
And with great Wit and Judgment made them good.
A Humor is the Byas of the Mind,
By which with violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
It makes our Actions lean on one side still,
And in all Changes that way bends the will.
This---
He onely knew and represented right.
Thus none but Mighty Johnson e'r could write.
Expect not then, since that most flourishing Age,
Of BEN. to see true Humor on the Stage.

All

All that have ſince been writ, if they be ſcan'd,
Are but faint Copies from that Maſter's hand.
Our Poet now, amongſt thoſe petty things,
Alas, his too weak trifling humors brings,
As much beneath the worſt in Johnſon's Plays,
As his great Merit is above our praiſe.
For could he imitate that great Author right,
He would with eaſe all Poets elſe out-write.
But to out-go all other men, would be
O Noble BEN! *leſs than to follow thee.*
Gallants you ſee how hard it is to write,
Forgive all faults the Poet made to night:
Since if he ſinn'd, 'twas meant for your delight.
Pray let this ſind---
As good ſucceſs, tho' it be very bad,
As any damn'd ſucceſsful Play e'r had.
Yet if you hiſs, he knows not where the harm is,
He'll not defend his Non-ſence Vi & Armis.
But this poor Play has been ſo torn before,
That all your Cruelty can't wound it more.

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